The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1927 NUMBER 660

rary and inc
hanges and vani

Contents

The Week 237

Editorials

The Vienna Riots 239
Bankers' Hands across the Sea 241
Our Chance in China 242

General Articles

The Failure of the Flexible Tariff: 1922-1927 .... Catherine Hackett 244
"Back to Locke!" ..... C. E. Ayres 247
Fallacies about Food ..... L. M. Hussey 249
The Universal Prejudice ..... Chester T. Crowell 252
Midsummer (verse) .. Léonie Adams, David Morton 253
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 254
Progress in the Movies ..... Gilbert Seldes 255

Correspondence 256

Reviews of Books

The People's History ..... Robert Morss Lovett 258
A French Critic on O'Neill ..... André Levinson 259
The Negro in the New World ..... Eric Walrond 260
Intelligence as a Physiological Process .... Lawrence S. Morris 261
An Amiable Eugenicist ..... Robert H. Lowie 262
Rolland's Trilogy Completed ..... R. L. 262
A Wreath of Cloud ..... T. S. M. 263

The Week

WHILE the conference at Geneva pursues its way through the complicated calculations of the naval experts, it has lost any aspect of a real effort to reduce navies, and has become a theoretical race in armaments. The United States attempts to achieve an equality with Great Britain and a marked superiority over Japan, while Great Britain attempts to retain in practice a supremacy in cruisers, and Japan attempts to limit both the others in the interest of her own relative strength and in the interest of economy. We heartily sympathize with the desire of the United States and Japan to bring Britain down to the lowest possible tonnage figures, but our reason for doing so is that we believe the utmost economy in building will be good for all, rather than because we place any value upon the meticulous "equality" being sought by the American delegates. The strength of a navy cannot be assessed in the abstract, by experts sitting in a room. It depends not only on numbers of ships, tonnage and gun sizes, but upon the theater of war, upon naval bases, upon personnel, upon merchant marine, and upon a hundred intangible factors. There is no such thing as the definite naval "needs" of a country, whether considered as absolute or as relative. Nor do we see any purpose in having a fleet the equal of Britain's. The United States will either fight her or not. In the former case, equality is not enough; in the latter it is not necessary. As long as Great Britain is resolved to maintain her expensive mastery of the seas, an agreement for real reduction seems impossible, but that should not lead to a purposeless competitive building program by the United States.

TO PUT admirals to the task of agreeing to limit navies is, of course, to make the achievement as difficult as possible. Admirals think of navies in terms of their action in war, and each admiral is moved by the desire to render his own navy as strong as possible in comparison with others. A limitation conference therefore becomes to him an intricate game in which he plays war on paper, while pretending that his intentions are wholly pacific. If an admiral could return from a naval conference with the belief that he had "put something over" on the other fellow, in the guise of an agreement, he would be wholly satisfied. Real reduction will not be achieved in this spirit. It must envisage, not war, but peace among the conferees. It must have a higher regard for the desirability of getting nearer to disarmament than for technical considerations of naval competition. Even if this were the spirit, little headway could be made against the settled British policy to police neutral commerce in time of war. But we regret that the tactics of the American experts have obscured this issue, and have brought to the doors of the United States part of the responsibility for the failure to disarm.

IN the expectation that the Geneva conference will soon be a corpse, the dogs of war are already licking their chops in anticipation of the carrion. Congressman Loring Black of New York is reported by the Federated Press as indulging in the happy prophecy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that: "If there is no real disarmament at Geneva, we big-navy men will undoubtedly develop a greater voting strength in the House for a cruiser and submarine construction program. We will appropriate enough money to complete construction of the authorized cruisers, and the naval affairs committee will undoubtedly come in with a bill authorizing not only ten cruisers, as was proposed at the last session, but a number sufficient to meet the British strength." The great fight ahead of the anti-militaristic forces of the country is to prevent the Geneva Conference from being the signal for a new race in naval building.

THE more we learn about the battle in Nicaragua, the worse it looks. The number of dead among the forces of the Nicaraguan Liberal General, Sandino, is officially estimated at 200 to 300, with many more wounded; the casualties among the Americans consist in one Marine killed, and another wounded. Most of the slaughter of the Liberals was done by five bombing planes against which the Liberals, whose heaviest artillery consisted of four machine guns, were all but helpless. The force sent against them is described as a joint expedition of the Nicaraguan Conservatives and the U. S. Marines; but it is a safe assumption that most of the casualties were inflicted by the American forces.

IT IS true that Sandino had received ample warning of the coming attack, and it is apparently true that he precipitated the conflict by his own aggression. He was the only leader of the Liberals who refused to yield up his arms after the intervention of Colonel Henry L. Stimson, two months ago. At that time it was announced that those who did not surrender would be disarmed by force; and Sandino not only declined to give up, but subsequently aggravated his offense by seizing an American-owned gold mine. The American military commander could not overlook such a defiance, and naturally used the most effective weapons he had, with the terrible results indicated.

THE incident is not a reproach to him, but to the United States government, for interfering by force of arms in the internal politics of a supposedly independent country. What we are doing now is, on the whole, preferable to our previous action when we permitted the war to go on, but refused to permit a Liberal victory. It is easy to foresee, however, the articles which will now appear throughout the Latin-American press. An American-owned gold mine in Nicaragua is seized by a native patriot; whereupon American aeroplanes rain down death from the sky upon two hundred of his soldiers. And still we wonder at the wave of suspicion and resentment of the United States which has swept through the Latin-American republics!

THE Black Hills of South Dakota are not conspicuous for fertile fields of corn, wheat, oats or other staples. They do not attract floods of farmer statesmen, who seem to prefer St. Paul and other resorts. So far, their chief asset appears to have been a pair of chaps marked CAL, a red shirt, a birthday cake, and a horse (which he did not mount until the next day, after the publicity men had seen the mistake). But this asset somehow seems remote from the dirt farmer—almost as remote as from the genuine cowboy. And when pictured in the cities it arouses disrespectful laughter. Altogether, we should not be surprised if the President were to abandon his western vacation a little ahead of schedule, and retire to his comfortable Vermont farmhouse, where all that is required of him is to hold a pitchfork and dress up in overalls and a stiff shirt (with collar button). Especially since the prices of wheat and corn have gone up in consequence of a short crop. The weather may be counted upon to do the Republicans' explaining to the farmer in time to save the national election. The insurgent farm statesmen could overwhelm the redoubtable cowboy Cal, but they shrivel before a lucky crop failure.

THE Nanking Nationalist government has put in force at Shanghai certain new tariff schedules which call forth bitter denunciation from foreign business men, and echoing protests from United States Consul General Cunningham. The effect of these taxes, in his opinion, is confiscatory. Congressman L. C. Dyer of Missouri, at present in Shanghai, has conferred with Consul General Cunningham, and, as reported by the New York Sun, takes the view that "unless the United States recognizes the Nanking government, or *forcibly restores the old treaty provisions* [italics ours] United States trade with China is doomed to extinction." When we turn to the duties in question, it appears that they consist in additions to the regular 5 percent, of an import surtax of 2.5 percent, an export surtax of 2.5 percent, a luxury import tax of 2.5 percent, an increase of a dollar per ton on coal imports, of 50 percent on cigarettes and tobacco, of 30 percent on ship tonnage levies, and, after September 1, a 12.5 percent additional import tax, and 30 percent on luxuries. It is probably true that the new tariff is put in force without sufficient notice; but it must be remembered that the necessities of the Nanking government are very urgent. "No real government," Mr. Cunningham is quoted as saying, "would be guilty of insane taxes such as the Nanking government is seeking to enforce without prior notice enabling merchants to make readjustments." On the contrary, if Mr. Cunningham will consult the tariff history of his own government and notice the rapidity with which new schedules have been put in force to prevent importers from laying in long stocks at the lower rate, and in particular will compare the present tariff schedules of the United States with those proposed for Shanghai, he will conclude that the Nanking government is behaving very much like a real government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SACCO and Vanzetti have begun a hunger strike in protest against the methods of secrecy with which Governor Fuller and his advisory committee have surrounded their investigation of the famous case. The Italian radicals feel that the hearings should have been public, and that they should have had the right to be present with their counsel to cross-examine hostile witnesses. No doubt, the hunger strike is ill-advised, since it may be resented as an attempt to force the hand of the committee. Yet public hearings would have been infinitely preferable. Put yourself in the place of these men. Suppose you had spent seven years in prison for a crime of which you knew yourself innocent. Suppose you were under sentence of death, reprieved at the last minute for a single additional month. Suppose that for seven years you had fought for the chance to make public the evidence demonstrating your innocence; and then suppose you found that the opportunity to do this was denied you, and that the whole proceeding upon which your life is to depend is held *in camera?* Would you be likely to follow the calm and cautious course of suspended judgment and sweet reasonableness? Or would you adopt any expedient, however desperate, to announce your desires to the world?

JUDGE Ben B. Lindsey's long fight against the Ku Klux Klan has ended in a temporary victory for the Knights of the Nightshirt. As the result of a three-year legal contest, Judge Lindsey has been ousted from his position at the head of the Denver Juvenile Court which, during his twenty-seven years of service, has become the most famous institution of its sort in the world. In 1924, the Judge, as usual, sought reëlection to his position. He was opposed by one Royal R. Graham, who had the backing of the Klan, at that time very powerful in Colorado. The election was close, and was marked, according to Lindsey, by the grossest fraud on behalf of his opponent. Despite this, Lindsey was declared reëlected. Graham is dead, but the effort to unseat Lindsey has been continued by his widow, whose attorney, one E. M. Sabin, is sufficiently identified by his remark that "the Klan has done more for the citizens of Denver and Colorado than Lindsey ever did." The State Supreme Court confirmed Lindsey's charge of corruption in the election, by ruling that there was so much fraud in "Precinct 6, District J," that it should be excluded entirely from the result. The count of the rest of the ballots was held to give Graham the election.

AN attempt to carry the case to the U. S. Supreme Court failed when the latter declined to take jurisdiction; and Lindsey was promptly ousted by a complaisant Board of City Commissioners, and a youthful attorney named Robert W. Steele appointed in his place. Steele announces that the Children's Court will be conducted henceforth on "strictly legal lines." What that statement means may be inferred from the fact that the fifteen chief assistant officers of the court, including probation workers, investigators and others, immediately resigned in a body. They signed a joint statement that their action was a protest against the ending of Judge Lindsey's "incomparable achievements in giving Colorado the leading place it has in child welfare legislation and procedure," and his "tireless and uncompromising fight against the causes of economic and social injustice."

JUDGE LINDSEY, of course, can perfectly well do without Denver. He is an internationally famous figure, the only one that city possesses, and a busy and active career is his, if he wishes, as a writer and lecturer in his own field. The question is, Can Denver get along without Judge Lindsey? We believe anyone who is familiar with what he has accomplished in that city will say that his ousting is a real tragedy to the thousands of children who, when they get into difficulties in the future as thousands of others have done in the past, will be without the benefit of his patient, wise understanding of the secret springs of human conduct.

IN a recent issue, the New Republic reprinted from the New York Evening Post two paragraphs purported to have been quoted from Col. Richard C. Patterson, Jr., saying that, since the United States is not patriotic enough, movie houses and theaters should be compelled to play "The Star Spangled Banner" before, during and after all performances. We have since been assured that what Colonel Patterson really said was that American theaters ought to adopt the custom of theaters in England and Italy, of ending all performances by the national anthem. We are glad that Colonel Patterson did not urge compulsion, and did not include the beginning and middle. But we still doubt the remedy.

The Vienna Riots

ON July 14, 1927, while Paris was gaily celebrating the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, tens of thousands of workingmen grimly attacked the Ministry of Justice in Vienna, setting fire to the building in which it was housed. For three days the capital of the Austrian republic was swept by riots. Police quarters were wrecked, scores were killed in street clashes, hundreds were wounded. A general strike paralyzed the entire life of the Danubian state.

The immediate cause of the sudden and fierce outbreak of mass violence in Vienna was the acquittal in court of three Austrian Fascists who are generally believed to be guilty of the assassination of a Republican guard and his child, several months ago. This verdict was one of a long series of similar judgments pronounced in the courts of re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publican Austria by Pan-German Nationalist and Royalist judges who still retain their old offices in spite of the Revolution of 1918. The extraordinary vehemence of the popular protest, however, amply indicates the existence of deeply smouldering fires of unrest in the hearts of the usually complacent and pacific people of Austria. The assault on the Ministry of Justice is but symptomatic of the state of smouldering revolt into which the Austrian masses have been driven by the "stabilizers" of present-day Europe.

Austria's sickness is no new phenomenon. The World War was explained by many persons as an inevitable operation on the sick state of Central Europe, the Dual Monarchy. But the Treaty of St. Germain, dictated by the Allied "peace-makers," only perpetuated, in a different form, the ailments of Southeastern Europe. If the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire was a political and cultural absurdity, the new Austrian Republic is an economic absurdity. The old empire was a crazy-quilt of divergent national groups, held together by cohesive economic factors making for industrial unity and prosperity. The new state, reduced to one-eighth of its area and population, is like a head severed from its body, miraculously kept alive by the financial oxygen administered under the auspices of the League of Nations.

Austria, with its 6,500,000 people, was the nerve center of the dismembered empire of 51,000,000. It drew grain from Hungary, coal and iron from what is now Czecho-slovakia, and sent them in return manufactured goods. Economically speaking, the Dual Monarchy was a free customs union, an embryonic United States. Socialist and progressive elements of Southeastern Europe, after the overthrow of the Hapsburgs, demanded the creation of a federation of free states in the Balkans. This would have been, and still remains, the only possible solution of the Balkan problem. The Treaty of St. Germain, however, was an instrument of selfish and blind politics. It was conceived with the Little Entente in view, as a make-weight for a new balance of power for France in Central Europe. It disregarded the vital interests of a huge population. It resulted in a monstrous system of arbitrary tariff barriers which clogged the delicate economic arteries developed during a century of industrial and commercial expansion. It deprived a great and thriving area of its only first-class outlet to the sea, turning Trieste over to Italy, which needed no additional access to the sea.

Today Austria is the most anomalous state in Europe. Enveloped on three sides by a ring of unfriendly countries, suffering from chronic unemployment, forced to import her raw materials from across the near borders and to face prohibitive customs in her exports, she is naturally a fertile soil for national and international trouble-breeders. The Pan-Germans have been cultivating the ground for a union with Germany, as if a union with industrial Germany would and could solve Austria's economic conundrum. The Royalists, stimulated by Admiral Horthy's stalwarts from Hungary, have been busy organizing for a monarchist coup, in the hope of aligning Austria in a Hapsburg restoration, this time under the ægis of Budapest. And recently Mussolini, in his extraordinary policy of Balkan penetration, following his peaceful "conquests" of Hungary and Rumania, has been fishing in the muddied waters of the Danube, encouraging Austria's Fascists to brazen acts of terrorism.

That the Austrian masses have not succumbed to adventurous political experiments in the past nine years, in spite of their proximity to Bolshevist Russia, Horthy's Hungary, Fascist Italy, Royalist Bavaria and Pilsudski's Poland, is a tribute to their high intelligence and to their excellent Socialist leadership. Their endurance has been remarkable, in view of the fact that their suffering since the Armistice has been unparalleled anywhere outside of Russia. If Bolshevism has never taken root in Austria, it is because Austria is part and parcel of Western civilization. Austria boasts the strongest Socialist party in the world, in proportion to population. In the recent elections, held three months ago, the Socialists polled in the entire country 1,536,000 votes, nearly 43 percent of the total national vote, an increase of 225,000 as compared with 1923. In Vienna alone, with a population of 2,000,000, the Socialists polled 694,000 votes, more than 62 percent of the entire city vote. At the same time, the Communists polled only 13,000 votes in all of Austria, which was half of their strength in 1923.

The Communists in Austria, therefore, form less than 1 percent of the Socialist rank and file. The specter of Bolshevism evoked by the bewildered daily press upon receipt of the reports of the riots in Vienna appears as the old familiar bugaboo, and merely serves to becloud the real issues and to screen the real culprits. There is no danger of a Communist coup in Austria, but there is "danger" that the Socialists, by their constructive achievements, will ultimately take over the Republic, not only politically but economically and socially! It is Austrian Socialism which stands in the way of all *putschists*, by its championship of a Balkan federation and by its accomplishments in the field of social reform in Vienna, which it controls.

As long ago as last spring's electoral campaign, in which the Socialists were opposed by a united bourgeois bloc, all the elements of a latent civil war were marked. The bourgeois parties attacked the Socialists with astonishing bitterness, the Right press fuming and raging against the "criminal band" led by such men as Adler and Bauer. This Socialist "criminal band" was guilty of resisting and blocking every move for the restoration of the Fatherland. To the rabid nationalists, "Red" Vienna has been the cause of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immeasurable chagrin, for the hands of the Socialists, controlling the capital of 2,000,000 people, have wrought veritable marvels there. Where is there another city in the Old World in which, in the course of the last five years, 25,000 homes have been built for the workingman? Yet this is the record of the Socialist administration of Vienna. The child welfare work conducted by the Socialist municipality is unequalled anywhere in Europe. The infant mortality has been reduced from 16 percent before the War to 8 percent by the "Red" guardians. Tuberculosis, so prevalent under the Empire, has dropped considerably.

But it was the taxation policy of the Socialist municipality that aroused the fierce opposition of the reactionary groups. In Vienna, 791 capitalists are paying annually to the city a combined tax equivalent to the total contributed by the other 490,000 tax-payers who form the balance of the population. Isn't this rank Bolshevism? But it is Bolshevism of a new kind. It makes a potent appeal to the workingman as well as to the middle class. It makes life bearable in a colossal industrial city with a pitifully small hinterland. In a word, it creates some sort of an internal equilibrium in a body externally suspended by the arbiters of St. Germain. Could there be anything more calculated to provoke the blind fury of the "patriotic" adventurers at home and the international adventurers of the neighboring states whose sole source of vitality is the iniquitous Treaty?

Helpless in the face of the deeply-rooted Socialist power, the reactionaries have had but one reply to make: namely, violence. Entrenched in the judiciary, the old imperial bureaucracy has been working hand in hand with the Fascist terrorists, washing the bloody hands of the assassins of the defenders of the Republic. The rioters in Vienna were not the aggressors. They merely struck a telling counter-blow. The intensity of their outburst only testifies to the fundamental mass craving for justice. The storming of the Ministry of Justice in Vienna was prompted by the same popular passion that caused the storming of the Bastille in Paris. Whatever may have become of Equality and Fraternity since the French Revolution, Justice still remains the untarnished standard of any civilized and humanitarian system of government. If the Austrian masses have given vent to their outraged feelings in such a revolutionary fashion, it is perhaps partly due to the failure of their leaders to replace the retrograde judiciary with a new code and apparatus of justice. At the same time, the action of the masses serves as an ominous warning to the agents of Horthy, Ludendorff and Mussolini that Socialist Austria will no longer brook their plots and murders, and will not stop at taking over the helm of the state should they persist in their policies of special privilege and their intrigues in the dark field of Balkan politics.

Bankers' Hands across the Sea

WHILE the experts at Geneva were, in the converging searchlights of the world, discussing tonnage, gun sizes and similar unpractical matters, another international group of experts in New York was talking of discount rates and gold shipments in so low a tone that nobody could hear them. Yet it may easily be true that the discussions at New York were of more practical importance to world peace than those at Geneva. Certainly, whatever the powers of such men as Governor Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Governor Norman of the Bank of England, President Schacht of the German Reichsbank and Deputy President Rist of the Bank of France, their meeting signifies more of the integration of the modern world and of its necessity to coöperate in peace than all the discussions of the naval delegates.

We can illustrate this integration and this necessity for coöperation by speculating a little on the problems which probably interested the heads of the four great central banks. What was New York most concerned with? Undoubtedly, with the effort to limit the flood of gold which has poured into this country ever since the War. The gold we have is so abundant that it is far more than ample as a reserve for all desirable expansion of credit or currency. It constitutes an ever-present danger that inflation of one or both will occur, which would mean a period of rapidly rising prices, and a "boom," followed by a collapse and a depression. The Federal Reserve authorities have been sufficiently impressed with the desirability of avoiding such fluctuations so that they have for long bent every effort to prevent the gold here from becoming so employed. They have had a fair degree of success. But if more and more gold is to come, their efforts to control the situation may be fruitless. The gold would undoubtedly gravitate to the coffers of the local banks in such quantities that their lending power would depend to only a small extent on their ability to borrow from the Reserve Banks. In that case, the policy of the Reserve Banks as to rediscount rates or dealings in securities could have little effect upon the local member banks, and inflation could not be materially discouraged, if other conditions happened to be ripe for it. Though disclaiming much power to prevent inflation or deflation, the Federal Reserve authorities have been sensitive enough to the criticism received in 1921 and to the exhortations since directed at them, so that they will stretch every nerve to avoid a repetition of that unfortunate occurrence.

England's concern is precisely the complement of ours. She reëstablished the gold standard when her reserves of the precious metal were still too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small. If she should lose any large amount, she would be immediately reduced to borrowing abroad in order to secure the safety of her currency. Thus arises an elementary necessity for coöperation between Great Britain and the United States—to keep gold from flowing from London to New York.

In the means of effectuating this policy, there is a certain divergence of interest. The way to prevent the flow, so long as no embargo is enforced, is to keep money rates sufficiently higher in London than in New York, so that free funds will be invested there rather than here. Both central banks are in a position to affect this situation through their rediscount rates and open-market policy. London would like, if possible, to lower her rate, in order to encourage her lagging trade. She did so a few months ago, even at considerable risk to her gold reserve. But New York, with her eye on a soaring stock market and a tremendous total of broker's loans, would rather raise the money rate than lower it. Agreement here would seem almost as difficult as it is necessary to both parties.

France's position introduces a complicating factor. She has been rapidly accumulating funds as a result of French confidence in the Poincaré government and in future stabilization of the franc. The great export of capital from France which accompanied the decline of the franc has been reversed. But the greater part of the new reserves are being held, not in France, but abroad, where they can earn more than at home. In particular, France holds many millions of sterling obligations in London. If she should suddenly decide to convert these into gold and move them to Paris, or what is more likely, to New York, on account of the favorable investment possibilities here, the resulting gold movement would embarrass both England and the United States. What she does in this respect has a distinct bearing on her future return to the gold standard. She wants to be in a position to resume gold payments at home. But she probably does not want actually to take this step until after she has negotiated an acceptable agreement on her debts to the United States. For her gold reserves would be precariously held, indeed, if she had to pay too large amounts to this country. The United States authorities are, therefore, in a position to concede something in exchange for an assurance by France that she will not move her funds from London to New York. The British, in turn, are likely to find France in a conciliatory mood, in view of the fact that these funds may be smaller when the return to the gold standard actually takes place, and France may wish at that time to negotiate a new loan.

Germany enters the picture also by the route of gold movements. She is obligated to begin her largest reparations payments next year. So far, few actual transfers of reparations have taken place because she has been borrowing abroad amounts about equal to the reparations due. But this borrowing may be largely diminished, either by the borrowers or the lenders. In that case, Germany could pay only in one of two ways—either by a surplus of exported goods or by paying out gold. She has not now, and is not likely to develop quickly, an export surplus. If she should stop borrowing, therefore, and release her gold supply, the reparations payments would mean a rapid loss of her gold reserve which would probably find its way largely to New York. This would endanger her currency, and upset our calculations. The reparations control would probably decide, as it has the right and duty to do, that so much gold could not be lost from Germany, at the risk of the stability of the mark. France would not receive her reparations, and the crisis would be on. It is, therefore, within the circle of the bankers' attention to plan a solution for the reparations problem, as a means of making possible German coöperation.

The tangled skein of international finance thus is seen to involve—even in this short account—such widespread, important matters as prosperity in the United States and Great Britain, the value and stability of the pound, the franc and the mark, and the disputes over war debts and reparations. We do not imply that the four conferees in New York have dictatorial powers over these matters; far from it. The decisions of the bankers merely must be based on an intelligent attempt to deal with them, and will have a considerable influence on their outcome. If their deliberations are successful in arriving at a commonly desired result, in spite of countervailing and uncontrollable forces, it may turn out that they have laid a foundation for a possible peace and prosperity the world over, in which the more political controversies are likely to become much easier of appeasement.

Our Chance in China

IT will be some time before all the facts are known as to what has happened in recent weeks in China. Military operations in that country are so complicated with diplomatic negotiations, with intrigue upon intrigue, that only the most general drift of events can be recorded with any assurance that what is true today will be true tomorrow. Of the import of recent happenings, however, there is no doubt. The defection of Feng Yu-hsiang from the Hankow government to that of Nanking, which is presided over by Chiang Kai-shek, has been a serious blow to the former. It has been followed by an extraordinary denunciation of the Hankow group by Moscow, on the ground that its members are "traitors to the cause of Communism," and this, in turn, by the hasty departure of Borodin, its chief Russian adviser. A military coup at Hankow, by an anti-Communist Southern General, is reported.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A temporary lull has taken place in the fighting in the North, but all signs point to a continued success of the forces of Chiang Kai-shek on their way toward Peking, whether by victory in the field, or through winning over Chang Tso-lin's faint-hearted aides to the Nationalist cause.

In the near future, then, it is probable that the Southern forces will be in Tientsin and Peking. Elaborate precautions are being taken in advance to protect foreigners and avoid a repetition of what happened at Nanking; and there is good reason to believe that these will be successful. Yet a critical period is ahead, and one which will again bring sharply into the foreground the question of American policy toward China.

Among the foreign powers most seriously involved, Japan is at present the object of the strongest hostile sentiment. This is due to her sending several thousand soldiers into the Shantung peninsula, an action taken ostensibly to safeguard the lives and property of her citizens, but interpreted by the Chinese as preliminary to a new seizure of the whole territory. The anti-Japanese sentiment has been fanned, it is not unreasonable to suppose, by the Russian group at Hankow. Russia and Japan, despite the supposed amicable relations between them, are at swords' points over the situation in northern Manchuria. Not far behind Japan in the scale of Chinese dislike is Great Britain, the supposedly inveterate foe. The United States, on the other hand, has recently gained in good will among the Chinese people. This has been due, in large part, to our refusal to accept the principle of joint action after the Nanking affair, and in part to President Coolidge's friendly statement at the United Press dinner in New York on April 25. At that time, it will be remembered, the President assured China that

> our citizens are being concentrated in ports where we can protect them and remove them. It is solely for this purpose that our warships and Marines are in that territory. . . . We do not wish to pursue any course of aggression against the Chinese people. . . . Our actions will at all times be those of a friend solicitous for the well-being of the Chinese people.

This is a reasonable and amicable statement, and one with which the recent acts of our government are consistent. Moreover, the events of the past weeks have, in the New Republic's judgment, completely vindicated the refusal to join Great Britain and Japan in drastic military and naval reprisals for the Nanking affair. But it is obvious that this one speech and this one refusal to act do not, of themselves, constitute a Chinese policy. Whatever the theory, in fact we have no settled attitude toward that country appropriate to the present situation.

As to recognition of the new government, or governments, we are still bound by the dictum of the Secretary of State. We will recognize no regime which does not control the whole of China. But there have not been twelve months since 1911 during which it could truly be said that any government had all of China firmly in its grip. Suppose the same thing should be true for another decade? How long should we continue to cling to this demand? Would it not be better to take the advice of Senator Bingham of Connecticut and send a representative to each of the chief existing groups?

On the abolition of extra-territoriality, Washington has advanced no further than the Strawn report. We shall not renounce these "rights" until China has put her house in order. But in the meantime, the existence of these special privileges both helps to prevent China's setting her house in the sort of order we prescribe, and facilitates the creation of an order which Washington does not like at all.

The opportunity exists in China for a masterstroke of American diplomacy. If we were to ignore all the efforts of Japan and Great Britain to draw us into the selfish and sinister orbit of their policies; if we were to say to the Chinese people, "We propose to deal with you, from now on, in a spirit not of expediency but of justice; we shall ask of you nothing we do not ask of every other power, large or small, powerful or weak"—if we were to come out boldly and firmly with such a platform, the effect would be electric. It is probable that we should lose nothing of importance even from the standpoint of the most calculating expediency; the Germans who lost all extra-territorial privileges in China as a result of the Treaty of Versailles have not found themselves hampered by that fact; on the contrary, they have reaped a harvest of good will from the contrast between their position and that of nationals of the Allied powers. But whether expedient or not, our moral rehabilitation in the eyes of the Chinese and other oriental nations would be of incalculable benefit. President Coolidge's recent acts and speeches have pointed in the direction of such a policy. Will he have the far-sightedness and the courage to carry it through?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Failure of the Flexible Tariff: 1922-1927

FOR more than six months, President Coolidge has had on his desk the United States Tariff Commission report on cotton hosiery duties, submitted under the flexible-tariff provision of the 1922 Tariff Act. This is one of the most important investigations made by the Commission, dealing with a commodity whose price, reflecting the present protective tariff of 50 percent, affects family budgets from Maine to California. The application for an investigation of the cotton hosiery industry was filed with the Commission by the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers on January 15, 1923, with a request for an increase in the rate fixed by the 1922 Tariff Act. It has taken four years to complete the investigation of production costs in the United States and competing countries, on the basis of which the President is authorized by the flexible-tariff provision of the law to proclaim a change in the tariff within 50 percent of the existing rates.

The flexible tariff was devised as a method of adjusting various commodity rates from time to time, as conditions in American and foreign production change, so that the principle of competitive tariffs, which bases duties on difference in cost of domestic and foreign production, should be applied at all times. It authorizes the President, acting on the basis of data supplied by the U. S. Tariff Commission, to increase the tariff on any commodity in which the existing rate is no longer sufficient to equalize production costs, and to decrease the tariff when the rate more than covers the difference. Its purpose is to obviate the need for frequent overhauling of all the tariff schedules. Its success admittedly depends upon quick action to adjust specific commodity rates upward or downward.

Until the President chooses to issue a proclamation on cotton hosiery rates, the report cannot be made public. Although the original application for an investigation requested an increase in rates, a member of the Tariff Commission some time ago declared that "the facts incontrovertibly point to a decrease in rates," that he had tried to get action on the case because he believed it would lead to lower prices for the American consumer, but that his efforts had been "persistently blocked" by the Chairman, Thomas O. Marvin, and the members of the Commission who are high-tariff advocates.

The fact that it took the Tariff Commission four years to complete the cotton hosiery investigation, and that the President has not yet acted on the report, illustrates three points which were clearly brought out in the recent hearings before the special Senate Committee on Investigation of the Tariff Commission, headed by Senator Joseph T. Robinson (Democrat), of Arkansas: (1) the flexible tariff has failed to provide quick relief, either to the consumer suffering from too high rates or to the producer whose business is endangered by inadequate rates; (2) the United States Tariff Commission, a bi-partisan body composed of six members, supposedly tariff experts, has functioned inefficiently under the flexible tariff; (3) the flexible tariff has failed to take the tariff out of politics and to make tariff adjustments strictly scientific, due either to inherent weakness in the plan or to deliberate maladministration and an effort to discredit the scheme.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate, from the viewpoint of a President with possible third-term aspirations, that the report of the Robinson Committee will be completed and published in 1927, on the eve of the 1928 campaign, and not in 1926 as originally intended. The resolution for the recent investigation of the administration of the flexible tariff was forced through the Senate early in 1926 by Senator Robinson. It was occasioned by a desire on the part of several "liberal" Senators to find out why the flexible tariff, hailed in 1922 as "the greatest experiment in scientific tariff-making ever undertaken in the United States," was somehow operating to raise, but never to decrease, tariffs on important commodities. The Senate also desired to know why the Tariff Commission was taking three or four years to act on important applications, why its members had split into two groups who could never agree as to the interpretation of the law, why the whole Commission appeared so hopelessly befuddled over its duties. It wanted also to sift serious charges that political pressure has been brought to bear on the Commission and on the President by business groups who feared the effect of tariff reductions.

The hearings lasted from March, 1926, to February, 1927. The testimony of witnesses, which will be covered in the forthcoming report, left little doubt that, under the flexible tariff, the Commission has become the tool of high protectionists, of industries seeking favors from the administration, and of a President born and bred in the New England tradition that high tariff means national prosperity. From past and present members of the Commission, and particularly from members of the gallant minority, headed by Commissioner Edward P. Costigan, which resented the manipulation of the flexible tariff for political ends, the Robinson committee heard an unsavory tale. It heard of "back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door" conferences, of hurried meetings of interested manufacturers in senatorial offices, of delegations sent to the President to make sure that no decreases harmful to business should result from too close application of the "scientific adjustment" theory. At the close of the hearings, it was evident why, out of the seventeen executive proclamations issued under the flexible tariff since 1922, only three, dealing with live bob-white quail, paint-brush handles and mill feed (a by-product) ordered decreased tariff rates; why the sugar beet industry, ably abetted by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, had succeeded in its efforts to ward off the cut in rates to which the majority recommendation of the Commission looked in the famous sugar case of 1923-24; and why cases which would obviously result in reports indicating a decrease had languished for three and four years on the Commission's docket.

The report of the committee covering the hearings may result in changes in the flexible-tariff statute itself, or an overhauling of the Commission, or both. The conclusions regarding political domination of the Commission are already counted upon by critics of the administration.

Most of the commissioners who appeared at the hearings criticized the provision which puts final authority to proclaim rate changes in the hands of the President, who is "necessarily dominated by the political beliefs of his party and subjected to political pressure."

Despite the inevitable realization of the possible effect of his proclamations under the flexible tariff upon sources of campaign funds, the President has probably been sincere in his belief that it is to the best interests of the country to revise rates upward, whenever possible. Early in his administration, President Coolidge confided to former Commissioner William S. Culbertson, now American Minister to Rumania, that he "had in general held to the New England view of the tariff," though, as President, he "would feel bound to look at it from the national point of view." How closely he has identified the "national" with the "New England" view is indicated by such developments as his refusal to act on two important reports, the sugar case and the linseed oil case, which looked to decreased rates, and his disposition to make known to the Commission when he wished it to speed up some case in which an increase was clearly indicated.

Criticisms of the President's administration of the flexible tariff have been directed not against his high-tariff leanings, but against the methods by which the flexible tariff has been made to operate upward, and never, in the case of important commodities, downward. It is charged that the Tariff Commission, with its long delays in acting on applications for decreases, has taken its cue from Mr. Coolidge's suspicions of the industrial disasters inherent in tariff reductions. This has had the unfortunate effect of making it impossible to determine the financial effect of scientific adjustments on important industries. It is remarkable how quickly manufacturers and producers fly into a panic at the mere suggestion of a reduction. To them, there is no such thing as "scientific adjustment" of rates; any decrease means disaster.

It is charged also that Mr. Coolidge, in his anxiety to prevent tariff reductions, has attempted to keep the Tariff Commission predominantly of a "high tariff" complexion; that he has in his appointments considered the tariff theories of the appointees before their qualifications as economists. He has reappointed as Chairman Thomas O. Marvin, former editor of the Protectionist and secretary of the Boston Home Markets Club, first appointed to the Commission by President Harding. He appointed a Democrat, Henry H. Glassie, who, strangely enough, consistently sided with Chairman Marvin in all important cases. Mr. Glassie's obstructionist tactics, however, so tied up the Commission's machinery that he was not reappointed when his term expired in January, 1927. The recess appointment of David J. Lewis precipitated a national scandal when it was charged that the President attempted to overcome any Democratic low-tariff tendencies he might have by demanding an undated letter of resignation, presumably to be produced if Mr. Lewis proved intractable in some important case. His refusal to submit the letter was followed by failure of the President to send his name to the Senate for confirmation during the next session. Mr. Coolidge disposed of former Commissioner Culbertson, who had formed an "opposition group" with Commissioners Costigan and Lewis, by sending him to Rumania as American Minister. Mr. Culbertson defended the President's activities in the sugar case, when he was recalled from Bucharest to testify before the Robinson committee.

Edgar B. Brossard of Utah, whose appointment was recently confirmed by the Senate after a long fight against him, led by Senators Norris, Robinson, La Follette and other liberals, hails from Utah, the center of the domestic sugar beet industry, and is generally known as a protégé of Senator Smoot. Two new members, Sherman Lowell, Republican, of New York, and Lincoln Dixon, Democrat, of New York, were confirmed at the same time. It is too early to predict whether their activities on the Commission will be guided by "the science of tariff making" or by political considerations.

Commissioner Costigan, who classifies himself as "a Progressive with Republican antecedents and Democratic consequences," and Commissioner Alfred P. Dennis, Democratic "moderate protectionist," who want to see the flexible tariff work both ways, have been most unhappy. The presidential proclamations were intended under the flexible tariff to be based on cost-of-production statistics supplied in the Tariff Commission commodity reports; hence the contention of Chairman Marvin that the Commission is merely a fact-finding body, and that the political beliefs of its members cannot,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, be reflected in the reports. Commissioners Costigan and Dennis insist that the commission is quasi-judicial, in that it must select periods for which production costs are to be obtained, sift pertinent statistics out of a mass of material, determine what factors in production costs shall be included. Members of the Commission admit that it is impossible to secure absolutely accurate production costs, domestic and foreign; hence the manner in which the investigation into a certain commodity is conducted definitely affects the final statistics on comparative production costs here and abroad. This, according to Mr. Costigan, is how the high-tariff-at-all-cost enthusiasts can draw up factual reports for the President, which nevertheless reflect inherent unwillingness to tamper with existing rates, unless it be to raise them.

Commissioner Dennis complained to the Senate committee that "the Republican members and some of the Democrats have followed the high protection lead of the Chairman." He had formerly complained in a public speech: "My own position in the Commission as a Democrat and as an advocate of moderate or lower duties has been trying in the extreme. My plans for helping the consumer by determining cases that point to lower duties have been received with about the same enthusiastic cooperation as was accorded Uzzah by the ancient Hebrews when he put forth profaning hands to touch the Ark of the Covenant. The law has been miserably administered, and with the definite purpose by the majority members of the Commission to break it down."

Another method by which the flexible tariff has been administered to the best interests of protected industries is the preferential status given to applications for increases on the Tariff Commission docket. The following items from the last annual report show what happens to applications for decreased rates on certain commodities, most of which are filed by manufacturers who import raw materials, or by general importers:

Commodity	*Date of application for decrease*	*Status*
Coal tar dyes	October 12, 1922	Pending
Linseed oil	4 applications, Mar.-Dec. 1923	Report sent to President in 1926, no action taken.
Vegetable oils	April 18, 1923	Investigation ordered—no report to date.
Scientific instruments	April 23, 1923	Ditto.
Sugar	November 16, 1922	Minority report indicating no change needed, majority report looking to decrease, July 31, Aug. 1, 1924. President acted on minority report.
Cattle and livestock	October 2, 1922	Pending
Canned fish	September 28, 1922	Pending
Cottonseed	September 26, 1922	Pending
Cotton shirtings	September 29, 1922	Pending
Trimmed hats	April 25, 1923	No investigation ordered.
Woollen goods (class 3)	November 24, 1922	Pending
Mirrors	November 16, 1922	Investigation ordered—no report to date.
Indigo	November 8, 1922	Pending

An outstanding example of the successful efforts of a powerful industry to prevent a "scientific adjustment" of a commodity rate was the sugar case of 1923-24. Application for an investigation of the sugar industry, looking toward a decrease in the rate of 1.76 cents a pound on imported Cuban sugar, was filed on November 16, 1922. The investigation was ordered on March 27, 1923, and the sugar lobby got busy in Washington.

It was seen that the Commission was equally divided on the case, with Commissioner Marvin and former Commissioners Glassie and Burgess selecting for their report statistics which would show that no cut was justified, while Commissioner Costigan and former Commissioners Lewis and Culbertson worked on statistics which would justify a decrease. The Costigan group then challenged Mr. Glassie's participation in the case, because of his family interest in the cane sugar industry, and made unsuccessful efforts to have his withdrawal ordered by the President and by the Attorney General. Mr. Glassie refused to withdraw from the case until Congress in 1924 attached a rider to the Appropriation Bill, declaring that any commissioner participating in a case in which he or a member of his immediate family has a financial interest forfeits his salary. This left Costigan, Culbertson and Lewis as a majority; their report to the President indicated that the 1922 tariff on sugar was more than sufficient to cover the differences in domestic and Cuban production costs, and indicated the need for a decrease. The Marvin-Burgess minority report was based on figures which justified a continuance of the existing rate.

The President received the reports in August, 1924. Nothing was done until June 15, 1925. Then came a statement from the White House, explaining that he would take no action, since the reports contained incomplete and inadequate figures on production costs.

Throughout the period of the investigation and the following year, the sugar lobby had kept up a constant bombardment of the President and the Tariff Commission. Members of the Commission were called into conference with representatives of the sugar beet industry in Senator Smoot's office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alarmed delegations called on Mr. Coolidge. Former Commissioner Lewis told the Senate Committee that Chairman Marvin had "tried in every way possible to block the submission of the Commission's sugar report to the President." The day before the President issued his statement explaining why he declined to follow the majority report, Senator Smoot called at the White House. Newspaper correspondents who record such events noted the coincidence of dates, but were told that Mr. Coolidge and the Senator had conferred on a subject quite unrelated to the sugar case.

The President also refused to act on the linseed oil report, submitted in 1926, which was unanimous and indicated the need for reduction in the rate.

That the Commission can work expeditiously under pressure from "high official quarters" was shown in the wheat case. The farmers were clamoring for relief in the fall of 1923, complaining that the Republican tariff benefited only industry. The Commission was given to understand that it was time to "get something done for the farmers," with the 1924 elections just ahead. An investigation of wheat and wheat products was ordered on November 4, 1923, completed within four months, and sent to the President. Three days later, on March 4, came the proclamation for an increase in the wheat tariff from 30 cents to 42 cents a bushel, and in wheat flour from 78 cents to $1.04 per 100 pounds.

Members of the Commission have commented upon the failure of any representative of the consuming public to file application for commodity investigations, or to appear at the Commission hearings. Under the law, any individual or organization may apply for relief by filing a request for a commodity investigation, and no one representing the consumers has done so. During the sugar investigation, one person appeared at the hearings on behalf of the People's Legislative Service, but this is the only instance of its kind. Perhaps the consumers feel that it is useless to ask for decreases, in view of the Commission's record. It is a paltry record of achievement, at an expense to the American people of about $700,000 annually, and with all the apparent benefits going to organized industry.

CATHERINE HACKETT.

"Back to Locke!"

WHERE are the minds of yesteryear? In the library! Preserved in rotting calfskin or in still more evanescent woodpulp paper. Such is that eternity of fame, that last infirmity, as Milton called it, of the noble mind. An infirmity indeed—to be preserved forever in the alphabetized ranks of the card catalogue, that universal leveler which condemns Marx, Karl, and Mary, Virgin to the uneasy juxtaposition of the letters M-a-r! Sometimes, occasionally, some one withdraws a book. Even this happy resuscitation can come to but a few; but when it comes it is true fame. The cry is raised, "Back to Mozart!" or "Back to Leonardo!" and readers flock to the long dusty shelves. It is for this reward that genius struggles!

Such as it is, this reward has come to a dry English philosopher. We have gone "back to Locke." If we stay with him long enough we shall find him a very interesting fellow. All philosophers live adventurous lives. Socrates drank the hemlock; Kant had a brush with the King of Prussia over his teaching of religion; Bacon was convicted of malfeasance in office; and even the desiccated Mill fell in love with another man's wife. To this strange fate Locke was by no means an exception. A quite unsuspicious combination of circumstances brought it about that he became a sort of physician-in-waiting to the first Earl of Shaftesbury. That doughty self-made peer later took a leading part in the creation of the Whig party, sworn to resist the succession of James II, and even became an instigator of the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth plot and had to flee for his life when those plans went a-gley. Locke consequently lived in a "whirl of society and politics," as it would be called in Hollywood. He wrote treatises in defense of the "bloodless revolution" and tracts for the suppression of Catholics (and especially James) on the ground of religious tolerance. He mixed freely with wit and sophistication, and in due course he became involved in an argument.

This argument made him famous by provoking him into writing out his premises in an enormous "Essay Concerning Human Understanding." One of the premises was a distinction which Locke supposed to exist between "primary" and "secondary" qualities. Broadly speaking, he announced that qualities of size, shape, mass, position and the like are primary and reside in the actual objects we observe; whereas color, texture, odor, and so on are secondary, exist in our minds, and are contributed to the situation as our "feeling about" an object. This distinction received a great deal of rough treatment by later thinkers. Why, they asked, are the size and position of an object its own peculiar attributes, while its other attributes are only our opinion of it? Why isn't its size or shape our opinion as much as its color? It may not seem to matter very much one way or the other. But a fiercer argument raged about this point than about anything else Locke wrote. Eventually most of the participants were convinced that Locke was wrong and that all qualities, primary and secondary, are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figments of the mind; and so the matter has rested and Locke has slumbered on the dusty shelves. Yet this is the very point to which we have been brought back to dust off our copies of the famous but wordy Essay.

We are brought back by an American philosopher, a man of extraordinary mind and adventurous career, whom President Glenn Frank has called "one of the great and gifted teachers of this generation," Alexander Meiklejohn. Mr. Meiklejohn does not mention Locke. But this is what he says in his little pamphlet on philosophy which, by the way, quite out-shines its companions in the series of the American Library Association:

> The physical sciences try to describe the world in terms of one of our ways of perceiving—that of the time-space qualities. For them the only properties of objects are those of position and size and changes of position and size. As against the other perceptions, those of color and sound and odor and pain, they choose to use the perceptions of position and motion. And undoubtedly there is for this choice a reason of vast importance—time-space properties can be measured while other qualities cannot. To say that one red is twice as red as another is nonsense; you cannot apply mathematics to "reds." But the clear purpose of all physical science is just that—to measure, to describe the world in terms which are mathematical. And for this purpose the time-space qualities are, to use a sporting term, in a class by themselves. But whatever the motive, the result, important for us, is this, that the world which we know as blues and fragrances and clangs is for the scientist a world of times and spaces, and nothing else. In his world, there are no sounds, no colors, no beauties, no goods or evils.

Now, unfortunately for Mr. Meiklejohn, nothing is easier than applying mathematics to reds, and all other colors, including some which are perceptible to science but not to art, such as "infra-red" and "ultra-violet." Treat a color as a wave-length of light rays and you reduce it to mathematics instantly. By the same process clangs are wave-lengths of air vibrations, and can be calculated to a nicety, overtones and all. If Mr. Meiklejohn will pull up the keyboard cover of his grand piano, he will see the standard frequencies stamped in the wood, just behind the ivory veneer. We have not been quite so successful with odor and fragrance. We know as well as we know anything in physics that these are matters of bio-chemistry. But the chemistry of fragrance is very complicated, and very few smells can yet be ticketed as mathematically as we can label those of chlorine and sulphureted hydrogen. Still, we can hope for the best. Novelists may some day be able to designate the faint aromas of their heroines by organic formulas!

All of which looks very bad for Locke and Meiklejohn. But what about pain, and good and evil? There is something about those words, the parting shots of the philosopher, something human that does elude the machinery of science. To be sure, we have behaviorism. There are scientists who boast their triumph over joy and pain and even over good and evil. Joy, they say, is a condition of the autonomic nervous system. Pain is the oversecretion of epinephrin. Good and evil are complexes of conditioned reflexes.

Well, very likely they are; but there is something peculiarly distasteful about being told that that is all they are. We had always thought there was more to them than that! Some of us even think so still. Not that we have the least doubt about the nervous system. Everything that is said about it may be true. We hope it is. We are extremely interested in all attempts to control the nervous system, and that is what these seem to be: techniques for producing joy, pain, or righteousness to order. To replace joy with gloom—one heavy dose of epinephrin. To achieve one good act every day—Boy Scout reflexes. But do such devices exhaust the subject? They do not; not for one minute.

This is why some of us who are as well disposed toward science as Science Service, Incorporated, could possibly wish, and send valentines to Behaviorism every February, are nevertheless quite dissatisfied with these sciences of joy and pain, with the reflex theory of human nature, and with the statistics of human life. Human life seems to us too big a subject for statistics. When the census-taker comes to my door I try to be honest with him. I tell him exactly how old I am, concealing nothing, and how many wives and children I have; but he always leaves me with the feeling that he has overlooked a number of things of some consequence in my life. He has not even asked me what I like best about America and if I am bringing my daughter up to be a soldier. What worries me is not the inaccuracy of measurement. I know that my next-door neighbor has lied about his occupation, which is bootlegging, and his wife about her age, which is forty-seven; but I understand the statisticians to have systems of "weighting" which pick out the bootleggers automatically. My difficulty is to state with accuracy, even to myself, what is my own occupation. Now then, what is it? Am I a writer, or a teacher, or a student, or merely a failure—as Mr. Shaw so aptly said, one of those who can't? I give up; and if any scientist, statistical or anatomical, says he knows, I shall not believe him for a second.

In other words, when scientists are doctoring us, or dieting us, or housing us, or transporting us by the magic of their mechanical control, they have our confidence. But when they begin to tell us what we are, we are immediately skeptical. We believe the subject to be too big for them. It is all very well for them to explain why we behave like human beings at such points as they can cite as character-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

istically human; the question is, from beginning to end, how do human beings behave? That is a more than scientific question.

As a result of all this, some of us—largely at the instigation of John Dewey—have taken to calling science a technique. It is an instrument for doing certain things. As Mr. Meiklejohn says, instruments of measurement play a large part in these endeavors. The instruments, however, are more varied than he allows. Beginning with those simple physical operations which no doubt impelled John Locke to distinguish the mass and motion of his friend, Isaac Newton, from the things which science could not touch for yet two hundred fifty years, science has built well and conquered much. But what it knows is relative to what it does. As knowledge it cleaves to devices, ignoring that human curiosity which is ever mindful primarily of man. It is technically gifted, and technically limited.

How absurd it is, then, to say either that science is true, or that it is not true. Science is true in its calculations of the means of doing all sorts of things; and it is true that this is really a world in which, if you want to do those things, you have got to adopt those formulas; and that is that. But it is also true that there are many other things which we do without any possibility as yet of any formula, and that for the most part we know only vaguely what we are doing and what we want to do; and none of us propose to stop behaving in this fashion because it "isn't scientific." Our notions, in these departments of life, have a certain truth to them inasmuch as we do not come to grief altogether; while the formulas of science, radiant as they are in the machine shops where they can be attended to properly, tarnish instantly in the humid atmosphere of the caves in which we dwell. Outside the machine shop and the hospital, science is not so much false as just preposterously off the point.

This is pragmatism. Mr. Bertrand Russell once called it a dollar-philosophy, a product of our low, American commercialism. Mr. Meiklejohn once said that it is doing "doubtful service" in these troubled times. The reason for these asperities is a certain faith. Mr. Meiklejohn believes and says in this pamphlet that "the method of thinking from which Idealism springs, on which, therefore, religion rests, is far deeper and truer in kind than those of the sciences." Mr. Russell believes that science alone provides eternal truth, that the formulas of mathematics are true of any conceivable universe and not merely of "this hodge-podge, job-lot world of ours." These are touching faiths, moving faiths. But is faith knowledge, or a philosophy of knowledge? And if ours is a job-lot world, or a commercial world, is it—or is it not—the part of philosophy to understand what human nature is in job-lots, and in that so overwhelming preoccupation with getting a living for itself? Does that philosophy render doubtful service which encourages us to look current living in the face and know it for what it is—neither the spiritual millennium nor the scientific millennium, but a civilization of men, mostly lawyers, merchants, beggarmen, and thieves?

Pragmatism is not so great a word to conjure with as idealism, or science, or even the young but noisy behaviorism. This is partly because John Dewey, for all his influence, has never beat a tom-tom to enroll enthusiasts. But it is also because pragmatism is not a system of belief but an attitude of mind. It is not an alternative to idealism as scientific materialism is; it is an alternative to dogmatism of every kind. It is an attitude of tolerance to every truth in so far as it is true in some connection, and of resistance to every formula inasmuch as it cannot be true for all contingencies. As Mr. Meiklejohn says, following John Locke, men know the world in different ways, and those different ways have different values. That is why Mr. Meiklejohn is, after all, a pragmatist, a pragmatist who nevertheless cherishes ideals, as John Locke was before him. That is why he has led us back to Locke; and that is why the same pragmatic interest leads us back sooner or later to all the great minds of the past.

C. E. AYRES.

Fallacies about Food

THE tradition of diets, especially in relation to disease, has embodied more fallacies, perhaps, than any other department of medicine. I say nothing of the numberless quack dieticians and the uncounted books that present quack dietaries. Instead, I concern myself with the legitimate practitioner of medicine when confronted with the necessity of advising a proper regimen of foodstuffs in health and disease.

Unquestionably this practitioner has again and again felt, in private moments of self-criticism, that the ring of assurance in his voice as he prescribed a specific diet was not invariably justified by the frail scientific underproppings of his prescription. He has been obliged, of course, to give oracular answer to many imbecile questions. He is perpetually queried concerning the virtues of this or that food.

Is celery healthful? Do carrots constitute a valuable addition to the diet? Is fish more readily digested than beef? The layman imagines that all such questions have their positive reply in the accumulated facts of medical science. The truth is, most of the beliefs, medical and lay, concerning foods are little more than vehement prejudices. Very few foods have been studied so thoroughly that their exact value can be fixed in the dietary of every individual.

Consider for a moment the question of greens. Some of us, recalling the disasters of our childhood, can remember being forcibly dosed, in the spring of the year, with a mixture of sulphur and molasses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The molasses gave the sulphur an odious taste and the sulphur ruined the molasses. Nevertheless, mysterious benefits were to be derived from the compound. These benefits were, indeed, so obscure that they have been forgotten, sulphur and molasses have almost disappeared from the *materia medica* of the home, but faith in another spring-time practice still persists. This is the belief that all greens are of outstanding value to health, especially the first greens of the season. Those who can babble a bit in scientific phrases say that the greens add iron to the blood.

Presumably, then, we pass through the cold season with little or no iron in the food and we make up the deficiency by consuming the green shoots that appear in May and June. Recent investigations show that neither of these suppositions has a basis in scientific truth. The common foodstuffs of winter are by no means wanting in factors that can add iron to the blood, and, on the other hand, a number of greens and chlorophyl-carrying vegetables have no value in adding hæmoglobin to the corpuscles.

As iron-producers, beet-tops, for instance, are perfectly inert. So is celery. So is parsley. Nobody knows anything about the value of dandelion. Of the common greens, spinach is about the only notable iron-producer. It is, however, probably surpassed, late investigation indicates, by articles of common winter diet such as red meat and butter fat. But in this respect most animal fats have no value: cod-liver oil, for example, is wholly without merit as an iron-producer.

The greens, however, are usually a minor item of diet. Not everyone is troubled with anemia, but there is scarcely an adult person who at one time or another has not taken some controversial stand on the question of meat and a meat diet. Of all dietary superstitions, the notion that meat-eaters pay usuriously in ill-health for the steaks and chops they consume is, doubtless, the most profoundly rooted. Within certain limits, it is a superstition that has even been persistently upheld by medical opinion, and has gained a measure of support from scientific investigation. Particularly, generations of practitioners have held that at least one of the contributing causes of kidney disease, or nephritis, was "a high protein diet." Since meat dishes, above most others, are rich in those food factors called "proteins," this is much the same as declaring that a liberal use of meat poisons the kidneys and brings on their dreaded degeneration.

Again, as certain meats are the progenitors of uric acid, there came about a second grave indictment of flesh eating. For it was believed that uric acid was the direct causative agent of those nerve, muscle, and joint symptoms lumped together under the convenient name of rheumatism. Worse, the meat eater, if that unhappy individual chanced to be a nursing mother, might presumably poison her child as a consequence of dietary error, for an English investigator, working experimentally with nursing rats, was able to show that the milk of these animals, when fed upon a high protein diet, became poisonous to their young.

Here, certainly, were formidable arguments against the consumption of flesh. Furthermore, they were arguments backed by a degree of investigation and not a little plausible reasoning. But most problems that relate to the mechanism of the human body are inordinately complex, and it often happens that a little investigation is more misleading than none at all.

Further light has recently been thrown on the question of kidney disease. Since this ailment was presumed to result, at least sometimes, from an over-use of meat, the diets prescribed in the past for nephritics aimed at "resting" the kidneys by reducing the number of meat dishes put upon the table. Now in all sufferers from kidney disease it is very well known that there is a loss of protein—in which, as was mentioned a moment ago, meats are peculiarly rich—in the form of albumin in the urine. This abnormal presence of albumin in the urine is, indeed, a chief means of diagnosing the ailment. Late investigation shows that such familiar protein loss may seriously reduce the amount of protein in the blood, where the protein factor is normally abundant. More than this, there is one common variety of kidney disease—acute parenchymatous nephritis—in which unusual quantities of protein are destroyed within the body.

Here we have abnormal losses and an impoverishment of the blood. In short, here we have losses of an important food constituent which must, if the patient is successfully to combat his illness, be replaced. Thus the doctrine of "resting" the kidneys by reducing the amount of meat on the table is seen to be an error. The whole principle of feeding in nephritis has been, in certain cases, reversed.

As for the uric acid theory of rheumatism, study of the complex phases of that disease has so far disposed of uric acid as the cause that we seldom hear the substance mentioned any more. Rheumatism is, in fact, a word for a number of diseases that derive, naturally enough, from a number of causes. A rheumatic fever may result from a certain germ, of an obscure identity, throwing off its poisons in the blood stream. Or a severe swelling of the joints with a dangerous inflammation of the valves of the heart may be caused by diseased tonsils or an infected tooth. The conditions that may give rise to rheumatic symptoms are startlingly numerous—but none of them, so far as investigation can discern, has anything clearly to do with meat.

What, then, of the chance of poisoning a nursing infant by permitting the mother a heavy meat diet? Such a poisoning, remember, has not been demonstrated in the human child. It is an inference drawn from experiments with lactating rats. With these animals it was shown, as mentioned a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment ago, that a diet rich in proteins produced poisonous milk. By a rather natural course of reasoning, the poisons were referred to the excessive proteins in the food mixture. However, a later study of the constituents of that food mixture shows that its excess of protein had nothing to do with the unpleasant results. These were a consequence not of too much protein but of too little of a certain vitamin. And nowadays, after all that has been written about vitamins, everyone knows how important are these mysterious agents to the diet and how dire are the consequences of their lack. Again, foods rich in protein—in short, meats—have been acquitted on another count in the indictment.

The whole debated question of meat-eating finds an illuminating commentary in the experiences of Stefansson in the Arctic, as related lately by Dr. C. W. Lieb in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Stefansson has observed the dietary habits of the Eskimos over a long period of years. He has watched those whose diet is almost exclusively one of flesh and others who have adopted a mixed diet, including imported foods. He declares that among the meat-eaters of the Eskimos there is no undue nephritis, no excessive hardening of the arteries and no curtailment of life. And in his own case he has been unable to observe symptoms of disease as a consequence of the almost exclusive use of meat over notable stretches of time. On the other hand, the mixed diets and the reduction in meat seem to injure the people of the Far North. Stefansson says that the recent use of imported foods by the Eskimos appears to bring about many of the ailments of middle life that are so common in the civilized nations.

From this one must not leap to the conclusion that the correct diet is, after all, exclusively flesh and that one digs one's grave by reducing meats and adding other foods. Before reaching any conclusions it would be necessary to study the sorts of additional foods now sent to the Far North. But one is obviously safe in observing that a whole race of people can eat meat and nothing else—and survive in good health. The appetite of the individual is doubtless often fallible as a guide to correct diet. But with all the uncertainty of present knowledge, it is perhaps a better guide than unsupported prejudice, or the indications of premature reasoning from partial investigation.

The truth of this statement becomes doubly unequivocal when we turn from dietetic opinions that have at least a plausible basis in science to those that rest less upon science than fad. Milk, for instance, is a food toward which the faddist turns ever the fondest gaze. Heavy milk diets have been proposed as a cure for virtually all diseases; they are still prescribed for tuberculosis without any positive evidence of their value—all this in spite of the fact that milk is enormously rich in calcium, has a calcium content far beyond the needs of any adult animal that is no longer developing bony tissue.

As for the modifications of milk, they are almost beyond counting. A few years ago, based upon some rash conclusions of Metchnikoff, milk soured with Bulgarian bacillus was offered as a panacea for long life. Metchnikoff's notion was that old age, at least partially, resulted from an internal poisoning by bacteria in the large intestine. And the Bulgarian bacillus, being an acid-former, was presumed to kill off and to supplant the original flora of noxious germs.

However, the drinking of milk soured with *bacillus bulgaricus* received a sharp set-back when it was found that this bacterium does not survive in the large intestine, is itself slain. The search began for a hardier germ of the same class. Soon *bacillus acidophilus* was proposed and nowadays one can purchase, for dietetic purposes, milk soured with the acidophilus germ—but there is certainly no reason to believe that such milk, in the normal course of events, will ward off the invidious thrusts of senility. Acidophilus milk has a restricted value, when competently prescribed, in certain intestinal disorders. The man who drinks it with the notion that he may rival Methuselah is only another of the gullible searchers for the fabulous fountain of youth.

Worse, however, than the sour milk fad is the current enthusiasm for yeast as an adjunct to the diet. This product of the brewery formerly played an unromantic but most important role as a leaven for bread. Yet in recent twelvemonths we have been astounded to hear—from the assertions of copious advertising copy—that yeast was a semi-foodstuff of outstanding therapeutic value. For one thing, yeast is especially rich in one of the vitamins, and is, consequently, a superb tonic. The first half of this statement is true—the second false. Yeast is rich in a particular vitamin, and vitamins are, assuredly, most necessary in the diet. Fortunately, nearly all diets contain them in ample amount. An excess of vitamins serves no purpose and has, so far as is demonstrable, no tonic virtue.

But what of the mysterious power of yeast, so freely advertised, to cure skin eruptions—boils, pimples, furuncles? In this instance its power partakes of the same mystery as the cascara pill formerly swallowed in lieu of yeast. In other words, yeast is for some individuals an effective laxative; and, in a few instances, where the cause is related to the intestine, a laxative will free the skin of its blemishes. Otherwise, yeast has no more cosmetic value than Huckleberry Finn's charm to cure warts.

That, indeed, sums up the character of most of the food fads, present and past. They are charms, they are amulets, they are the products of the witch doctor. A bit of pseudo-scientific abracadabra and thousands are ready to believe and eat accordingly. So it is proved that the last witch was not burned at Salem.

L. M. HUSSEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Universal Prejudice

WE were discussing prejudices. And the point to be decided was not, as you might suppose, which has the highest voltage, but which is the most general. In other words, the question was not how strongly the prejudice affects people but how many it affects. Now it happens that I know the champion of all prejudices—the only one that claims approximately 99 percent of the human race. This is an interesting prejudice; it flourishes everywhere in sturdy disregard of race, religion, climate or economic conditions.

My first encounter with it occurred when I was seventeen years of age. At the time, I was a cub reporter. My hours of work were half-past noon until half-past three o'clock in the morning. Therefore I slept until about eleven o'clock. In the neighborhood in which we lived there was a pleasant, middle-aged woman who had read and traveled widely. My mother and I were very fond of her. She dropped in at any hour and was always welcome. However, from the time I went to work our friendship cooled. She would glare at me with something akin to ferocity if she happened to find me eating my belated breakfast. This woman was never able to overcome an instinctive belief that anyone who slept until eleven o'clock led a vile life. All of the facts were before her, but the prejudice triumphed. I thought at the time that this was very funny, but during the succeeding three or four years no less than one hundred men and women glared at me in the same way while I ate breakfast. It is neither surmise or hearsay that a majority of them wondered what dark secret my devoted mother was trying to hide when she said that I was a good boy.

I mentioned these amusing and amazing facts one time to a railroad conductor of my acquaintance, because railroad men are also subject to night work. He talked for an hour, giving me many instances of actual persecution growing out of the universal prejudice against anyone remaining in bed later than the hour someone else considers the decent time for rising. This man said his wife was "on pins and needles to roust me out of bed at seven o'clock no matter how long I've been on duty." He had been married eighteen years, therefore I suspected him of exaggeration, for surely, I thought, his wife must by that time have accustomed herself to the requirements of his work. However, I have since known a dozen or more similar cases, and it is no longer possible, for me at least, to entertain the slightest doubt of his veracity.

To persons who rise early, the thought will immediately occur that the real objection to late sleeping is the inconvenience it causes others. Therefore let me remark that no cases of that kind are offered here as testimony. A prejudice must be unreasoning and it must disregard facts. With this definition in mind I rule out all testimony it bars.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the champion prejudice will be found in hotels. In a well managed establishment that is amply staffed, it is a matter of no importance how long, or when, the guests sleep. Most hotels of the sort I mean provide little cards to be attached to the door knob; they read: "Do not disturb." Ask any person who travels a great deal if they are effective! In every other particular the hotel may function with astounding efficiency, but not in this one. I know. I've experimented with those cards from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Southern Mexico. Some will awaken you with blithe assurance that they have rendered a service. Others do it because they can't help it—and don't know why—the real reason being that late sleeping drives them to a frenzy of resentment, just as it affected the wife of my friend, the railroad man. I've seen the look on their faces, and I know. It is an interesting phenomenon and as striking an example of the terrific power of habit as one can find. For it is not at all unusual for the employees of clubs and hotels to waken guests without excuse of any kind, knowing full well that they will be discharged instantly if complaint is made. They simply can't help it! You may quite properly ask how I know what they think. Well, I have asked them and they told me. Nor is that all they will tell you in the cases where this prejudice is extreme.

About two years ago, my wife and I were living in a hotel in New York City. It was her custom to eat breakfast about nine o'clock, but I slept until eleven. The unfortunate hours of my cub days have fastened themselves upon me so that my brain is of very little use until noon; consequently I often work far into the night. I was doing so at that time. One morning I admitted the maid before leaving the room. She was a garrulous, elderly Irish woman with kindly eyes, a pleasant voice, and ready smile. Apropos of nothing at all she said: "Well, it's a great world we're living in. Yes, a great world. But women is queer people. Now, me, I had plenty of chances to marry again and maybe I would have been better off. But you can't tell. No, you can't tell. I look around me and what do I see? Plenty of women that married husbands to support 'em and them supporting the husbands. If they're sick, of course, it can't be helped. But there's others. Them that lays up in bed all day while their wives goes out to earn a living." I turned around and caught the old familiar glare.

I'm used to it, now. Still, I often wonder why, in the course of seventeen years, someone hasn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked me if I'm ill, or what sort of work I do, or simply why I sleep late. But they never do. That is why I set down their instinctive reaction as a prejudice. I feel quite safe in venturing the assertion that the mere fact of a person having unusual hours for sleep rouses anger. In the course of more than a decade of newspaper service I met thousands of men who worked at night and slept during part of the day, men toiling at all sorts of tasks. I have heard scores of these men remark, one to another, about as follows: "I have a friend upon whom I could depend in any emergency—except one. And that is the daily emergency calling for rest. He knows my habits and my hours, but for some unaccountable reason he goes out of his way to rob me of my sleep. He does it wilfully, deliberately, with malice aforethought, and apparently with fiendish glee."

I make the bald assertion that I have never known any man, woman or child who has not a definite idea on the subject of when a person ought to rise. Most amusing of all is the fact that the victims of this prejudice in others are not themselves free of it. I confess that I am not. Nor am I the only late riser who confesses. Though a dozen witnesses are available, I shall quote but one. This man, at the time I knew him, had been working on a morning newspaper for thirteen years. He ate breakfast every day at noon. Because of these wretched hours, about the only entertainment available for him was an occasional poker party and drinking bout. He indulged in these jointly, once a month, principally because they brought together a room full of men in a jolly mood. He told me that if, on the morning following one of these festive events, he rose at the usual hour—no matter how he felt—his recollections of the previous evening grew more and more pleasant as the weeks passed. But if, on the other hand, he rose late—no matter how much benefit the additional sleep brought—his conscience put him on the rack. He told me that sometimes he was *spurlos versenkt* in remorse day after day—that an illusion of having committed a low, vile crime haunted him. It was, as he very well knew, a prejudice growing out of the instinctive, irremovable belief that all decent people ate breakfast not later than noon, regardless of circumstances. CHESTER T. CROWELL.

Midsummer

Country Summer

Now the rich cherry, whose sleek wood,
And top with silver petals traced,
Like a strict box its gems encased,
Has spilt from out that cunning lid,
All in an innocent green round
Those melting rubies which it hid.
With moss ripe-strawberry encrusted,
So birds get half, and minds lapse merry
To taste that deep-red lark's-bite berry,
And blackcap bloom is yellow-dusted.

The wren that thieved it in the eaves,
A trailer of the rose could catch
To her poor droopy sloven thatch,
And side by side with the wren's brood—
O lovely time of beggars' luck—
Opens the quaint and hairy bud;
And full and golden is the yield
Of cows that never have to house,
But all night nibble under boughs,
Or cool their sides in the moist field.

Into the rooms flow meadow airs,
The warm farm-baking smell's blown round;
Inside and out, and sky and ground,
Are much the same; the wishing star,
Hesperus, kind and early-born,
Is risen only finger-far.
All stars stand close in summer air,
And tremble, and look mild as amber,
When wicks are lighted in the chamber,
You might say, stars were settling there.

Now straightening from the flowery hay,
Down the still light the mowers look,
Or turn, because their dreaming shook,
And they waked half to other days,
When left alone in the yellow stubble,
The rusty-coated mare would graze.
Yet thick the lazy dreams are born,
Another thought can come to mind,
But like the shivering of the wind,
Morning and evening in the corn.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Summer Guest

Now that I come again to this green place—
White of the sky, blue of the water, near—
Where summer is a dream upon the face
Of earth and sky and water, year by year—
I wonder at the strange, incredible lie
The old men tell me with their winter words:
How windy snow filled up the darkening sky,
And, on these branches, took the place of birds.

And I do not believe them, any more
Than children do when they are told their tales
Of monstrous worlds beyond the nursery door;
How should I think the summer ever fails
Here, where it waits so surely on my sight,
Or fills my heart, how many a winter night!

DAVID MORTON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

ABOUT the time I make up my mind that everything is lovely for the noble Calvin and nothing can stop his triumphant renomination next year by the Republican National Convention—about the time he seems sitting prettiest, some little thing crops up that throws me again into an unpleasant state of doubt. Two weeks ago I was absolutely certain he would get away with it smoothly and smugly and without a real fight; that the anti-third-term tradition had been pretty successfully discounted by the drive behind him; that propaganda, press support, prosperity, federal patronage, White House invitations, Judge Gary and Dwight Morrow all combined would be mighty enough to absorb all criticism, overcome all objections, smother the raucous cries of the embittered farmers, swing the reluctant leaders into line, deal with the disaffected, preserve the great illusion that he is a man. I would have taken a two-to-one bet on it. Right now I am not so sure.

It is true the corps of correspondents attached to the presidential person in the Black Hills have been doing noble work at the publicity pumps, and a stream of favorable third-term propaganda the like of which we have not seen before has poured gently over the country. It is true, too, that Borah and Curtis and even Moses, none of whom cares for Mr. Coolidge personally, none of whom desires his renomination, all of whom are personally and politically bored to death with him and would —all three of them—cheerfully leap blindfolded from the peak of Mount Coolidge if they thought that was the way to get rid of him, have joined the unctuous Fess, the rampant Willis and the grateful Tilson in predicting his renomination. And others will follow. All of this has pretty well drowned out the discordant notes which have been audible only to eager ears attuned to catch them. But there have been some.

First, there was the renewed evidence given by Governor Lowden that the ponderous movement of the federal machine against him has not crushed his proud political spirit, and that his friends in Iowa and elsewhere, encouraged by his flat-footed statement that "I have never yet heard of a man running away from the presidency," are energetically proceeding to push his candidacy in all directions, but particularly in the West. There is, too, so I am told, reasonably well grounded expectation in some of these Western states that, rendered cautious though he has been by his unhappy experience eight years ago, Governor Lowden will find a legitimate way of financing the Lowden movements here and there without danger of a flareback. Then there was the action of the agricultural conference in St. Paul which, in the face of the Black Hills stories of the satisfied farmers who approve the President's course, denounced the Coolidge veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill, insisting that he had broken faith with the farmers and violated his platform pledge.

The declaration of "Little Bob" La Follette against Mr. Coolidge's attempt to prolong his stay in the White House was of course to be expected, but it is plain now from the authority with which he spoke that, with La Follette in the next Senate, Norris, Howell, Shipstead and other progressive Republicans propose to push vigorously an anti-third-term resolution so drawn as to make the issue clean-cut and definite as possible, and the Coolidge candidacy in its face as dangerous as possible. With Democratic votes, there is a fine prospect that this resolution will pass not only in the Senate but in the House, where the Iowa, Wisconsin and Nebraska delegations will vote for it, as well. In the main, so I understand, the resolution is to be based on the danger of permitting a President of the United States twice to use the irresistible power of his office and the weight of the federal patronage to force his nomination. In making this its principal point, it seems to me, the anti-Coolidge Republicans and Democrats are doing the soundest and most effective thing possible. Put on that ground, it at once brushes aside all quibbling as to whether his next would be a third term or merely, as his journalistic supporters like to put it, his "second elective term." It leaves no room for argument as to whether the nineteen months of the unexpired Harding term are to be regarded as Harding's term or Coolidge's term. It blocks the hair-splitters and gets down to the real heart of the whole anti-third-term business, which is whether it is right or wrong to put it in the power of any President twice to use the federal machine, now grown to incredible size, to bring about his continuation in office for more than eight years.

That machine was used for Mr. Coolidge in 1924 to crush out the Johnson candidacy. It is being used now to crush Lowden. It is of irresistible strength, and, if operated without hindrance at full steam, cannot be successfully opposed. No one with even a surface knowledge of practical politics has the least doubt of that. The debate, I believe, next winter will be along those lines, and it certainly seems to me that, with the plain evidence of the machine at work under their eyes, and the sickening smell of its oil and gas in their nostrils, the Senate supporters of the resolution will not only have much the better of the argument, but will be able to make an impression on the country that will more than offset the National Committee and newspaper contention that "it is all Democratic politics." I happen to know that the prospect of the resolution stressing this point is more than a little disturbing to certain members of the inner Coolidge group. And in view of what they have been doing I am frank to say that they ought to be disturbed.

There has, however, been another development within the week which, if I were one of the Coolidge managers instead of merely being a humble and devoted follower, would cause me more concern than any of the above mentioned incidents. I refer to the interview given out by William Randolph Hearst some days ago in New Orleans and printed in all of his thirty-odd newspapers, but in few others. I did not, for instance, see it so much as mentioned in the New York Herald Tribune, or in the Times or even in the World. Apparently, too, the Associated Press did not consider it news, though, to my simple and untutored mind, it was vastly more newsy than any political interview in the last year. What Mr. Hearst

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said was that, in his judgment, Mr. Coolidge would not be a candidate for renomination, and that when he finally breaks his silence on the subject it will be to decline to run. He went on to say that while Mr. Coolidge is popular and had, he thought, made a good President, still he was certain the American people did not care to see any Chief Executive hold the reins so long. Then, as an afterthought, Mr. Hearst remarked that, after all, the Republicans had but one thing to be proud of and that was the conduct of the Treasury Department under Mr. Mellon, whom they should nominate.

Now it seems to me that the reason why Mr. Hearst's words on the subject of the renomination of Mr. Coolidge are significant is that they reveal the first indication of a break in the solidity of that press support which Mr. Coolidge has had for five years, and which, as I have pointed out repeatedly, has been his chief bulwark and strength. And, of all the newspapers supporting this administration, that of the Hearst papers has been most consistent, effusive and puzzling. So far as I can recall, he is the first President whom Mr. Hearst ever journalistically supported, and it must be admitted that he did a very thorough and workmanlike job. He showed himself as adept with the grease-brush as he was formerly with the acid, and if at times it seemed he laid it on a little thick, it must be remembered that the millions of Hearst readers are accustomed to heavy doses and gag at nothing. It has been through Mr. Brisbane, whose column appears not only in the Hearst papers, but in others besides, to which it is syndicated, that the business of praising Mr. Coolidge and his administration was most effectively done. Off-hand, I should say that Mr. Brisbane has been worth more to Mr. Coolidge than any other journalist in the country. Until recently, there has rarely been a week in which this artist in words did not eulogize the President. It was he who coined the cunning phrase "second elective term." And now comes Mr. Hearst with the prediction that he will not run at all and ought not to run, and it is impossible not to link up with his statement the fact that not for some time now has Brother Brisbane touched upon the subject. I do not mean to say that Mr. Hearst's views will slow down the Coolidge machine or change the presidential purpose. I do not mean to say, either, that Mr. Hearst may not change his view or that, in the event of the nomination of Coolidge and Smith, he would not support Coolidge for election. In fact, he makes it pretty plain that he would. What I do mean to say is that, even before the Hearst interview appeared, the weekly Brisbane eulogy had ceased, and that the opinion expressed by Mr. Hearst, that Coolidge in 1928 will have served as long as the people want him, is much more important than the opinion of the federal office-holders and administration Senators that they yearn to have him serve longer than George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. On the whole, I think that, if I were of the inner Coolidge circle, I would be rather concerned over the Hearst attitude as thus expressed. It is out of tune. Anyhow, I am again in a state of doubt.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Progress in the Movies

IT is when film producers start being arty that the worst happens, and this is true of German and American producers alike. The less the magnates of films talk of art, the better; the critics hold a brief to do all the art-talk necessary about the cinema."

Messrs. Payson and Clarke, Ltd., who publish Iris Barry's "Let's Go to the Movies" from which the sentences above are taken, are practically justified in claiming that the book takes "critical stock of the movies from a modern, worldly, intelligent point of view." Miss Barry is critic for three London publications, two of which are only a cut above the level of the tabloids; the third is the Spectator. If any portion of this book appeared in the other two, the question of naval supremacy might be waived: the intelligence of the great English public would maintain her as mistress of the world.

Miss Barry has quantities of right ideas about interior decorating, women with pasts, sentimentality in the movies, the love interest, the morality of marriage, and so on. This means that when she is discussing the plot or the manners of a film, she is infinitely superior to all but a half-dozen critics in each country. Further than that, she has some sound ideas about the movies themselves. Her first sub-head is "Not 'the Silent Drama'" which, until the time comes when everybody understands the movies, I propose as the standing first statement. Later, when the films develop their Aristotle, we shall have a positive opening. She is aware of the fact that playing for the films has very little to do with acting on the stage; she knows that personality is not a substitute for talent; she has a rich appreciation of Chaplin's humor, though I think a limited one of his art; she believes in stories written especially for the films. She is a pioneer in sensitive judgments on the quality of the negative and the quality of the light used by the various film producers, and her rough classifications of players and producers are extremely valuable.

And in spite of all this, Miss Barry misses the point so completely that, if I thought producers were interested in criticism, or criticism of criticism, I should have omitted everything I have said in praise of her work. Briefly, Miss Barry believes in the naturalistic film. This is only a failure to carry her own thought through to its logical conclusion, for the most carefully studied portion of her book deals with those elements of rhythm, those relations of space and time, those factors of composition which imply that the film as a created object is no more bound to realism than a sonata. The camera can reproduce life; it is not bound to. So long as it does, the film remains in the status of the news-reel, a very high standing at present, because the technical mastery achieved by the news photographers is extraordinary, and sometimes produces accidental compositions of great beauty. Last April, when the news-reel celebrated the tenth anniversary of our entrance into the War, I saw two bits, one German and one American, of soldiers marching, which had as startling an effectiveness as Vidor's "advance through the woods" in "The Big Parade," and almost the same shuddering quality. One which I particularly recall was taken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at such an angle that the eye followed the long aisles between the marching men who seemed not to move so much as to pulsate and sway. The made movie has to create, however, and not to reproduce; and every effort to make the film merely realistic has made the film dreary and dull.

In all justice, I should say that Miss Barry warns against those breaks in the film which bring one back to reality, but I think she means there the reality of the shilling stall and the box of candy; by unreality she would mean the film which is simply unbelievable; and there again we come to the point, because it is the function of the good director so completely to embody an imaginative world that the standard of daily reality fails to occur in the mind of the spectator. I have been as offended as any intelligent person by the mawkishness and tawdriness of many films, but I am convinced that the same actions could be reproduced without giving offense. They would need only to be appropriately set and properly played. Let the director master his form, his rhythm and his control of the mechanism, and he can do whatever he likes with the subject matter. If he shows us then a wife-beater as a hero, or an immoralist as a villain, and our ideas differ from his, we will criticize him on the ground of morality, as you may criticize Shakespeare or Walter Pater.

When I reviewed "The King of Kings" in this place, I wrote that, by making a bad film successful, Mr. Cecil De Mille has put back the progress of the movies—by ten years, I think I said. I had in mind what Joseph Conrad said to Stephen Crane in speaking of an enormously successful writer of romantic fiction. Conrad said that he had put the clock of fiction back. Mr. Robert Sherwood, feeling, perhaps justly, that the phrase is melodramatic, has commented on it in Life, saying that although he agrees with me in many of my strictures on "The King of Kings" he cannot see how its success can delay the progress of the movies. This is a capital point and worth investigation.

The truth is that movies are not so much produced as imitated. I spoke recently with one of the few intelligent directors of American films, and he told me that the producers not only imitate each other, but, when they run out of ideas, they imitate themselves. Directors are continually being told to repeat their effects of previous pictures when they are not being told to copy this formula or that trick or some effect of another director. The Metro-Goldwyn company, for example, repeats its war stuff; Famous Players has a formula for some of its comedians. And the sole criterion, of course, is success. This means that, on the rare occasions when a director cuts loose from his own or established moving-picture tradition and does something new, his work will be taken as a dreadful warning or an enviable example, depending on the box-office receipts; and it means, therefore, that the success of a bad picture will lead directly to imitations of it, or indirectly to the abandonment of novelties which may be good.

I was told, also, that in Hollywood the producers do not speak of art, since they know nothing of it; they differ therein from their associates in the East who know as little, but do not refrain from speaking. In Hollywood the producers want directors. The number of available good ones is limited, and frequently films are put in the hands of directors with the fore-knowledge that they will not be well made. The demands of enormously overblown production programs are such that the films have to be made whether they are good or not. The "tied houses" have to be supplied and the competition for the remaining independent exhibitors must be met. In these circumstances, the safest thing to do is to tell the director to imitate a sure thing.

I have felt for many years that the reason good films fail, particularly outside of New York, is that unimaginative and meretricious films have spoiled the public taste. A hundred unimportant directors have stuffed the public with their wares, but I think that all of them put together have done less harm than Cecil De Mille alone. When Mr. Griffith followed a few superior films with a bad one, his authority was a corrupting influence. But Mr. De Mille has never made a supremely fine film, only supremely pretentious ones. In that pretentiousness he has satisfied almost all the low esthetic cravings of the multitude—who were so unaware of having cravings at all that they would have cheerfully accepted the best instead of the worst. Around his own interesting ideas and immature taste and half-realized cinematography, De Mille has thrown the borrowed glamor of religiosity or sentimental morality. I could forgive him a great deal if his films were good movies; since they are not, I hold to my feeling that he is an evil influence and to the belief that, if he stopped making films, that event alone would constitute a significant progress in the movies. GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Future of the Press?

SIR: In your article in the issue of May 25, "Who Reads The Tabloids?", you place this outgrowth of modern journalism in one class as against the other which you call "the respectable standard-sized papers." If this adjective "respectable" applies to the size only, then there is really nothing to be said, nor does it matter, as the public is not much interested in the shape of the paper, but if this "respectable" refers to the character of the press, then I respectfully submit that a great deal must be said.

Has it ever occurred to the writer of that article that it might be well to compare these present-day, so-called respectable papers with those so-called and published forty years ago? In trying to bring home the Darwinian theory in schools, teachers often say that there is much greater difference between the Bushmen of Australia and a Lincoln or an Einstein than there is between that same Bushman and an orang-outang. May it not be just as safely said that there is very much less margin of respectability between the tabloid papers of today and the so-called respectable standard-sized papers of 1927 than there is between the latter and the press of 1887? Those who remember the period of the Cleveland campaign recall with the champions of that day, among the New York editors alone, names like Jones, Raymond, Godkin, Dana, Villard, Reed; not to mention scores of lesser lights, but lights nevertheless. These were born journalists with a message to deliver, with a task that had an ideal; these were men, whether we agreed with their opinions or not, whom we were bound to respect because the spirit which prevailed in the editing of their papers was not guided by the exclusively acquisitive motive. Yes, they looked for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial returns, they worked for increased circulation, but all this only as far as it was compatible with their conceptions of the duty of the *respectable press*. And then came Bennett, and then Pulitzer; and after Pulitzer, Hearst; and after Hearst, then the banks; and after that, the tabloids; and what will come next?

War, it is now pretty well agreed, will only be conquered by war. Look at the picture we had in all the papers last week of a Scotch Highlander starting in full equipment for the Chinese front, the latest arena where the world is being made safe for democracy. Visions like these will make people realize that, at not too distant a date, women and children at home will have to don that garment to back up the infallibility of secret diplomacy. I am of the firm conviction that the full appreciation of a picture like that will do more to bring about peace on earth than all the fine undertakings of our pacifists.

The sight of a tabloid brings forth a similar vision. At the rate we are traveling now, and there is nothing in sight to impede the speed, it will not be very long before the tabloids will represent the respectable, "regular-sized papers of the day." This catering to the emotions, to the lowest instincts of the readers, is not the greatest offense of our present-day press. That honest opinion has to take refuge in small weekly papers, maintained at the expense of unselfish, broad-minded optimists, who fight for honest journalism in the last ditch—that is a much greater indictment against these offenders.

For us who remember the press and the people's reaction against the Blaine letters (My dear Mr. Fisher), and those who have seen what was possible when Mr. Ballinger ran his department, the Department of the Interior; the behavior of the press, when the discovery of the corruptions in the last administrations was made, was one of the most discouraging experiences; it almost blasted the hope that democracy will live. Has the press made any, even the least, contribution to arouse the spirit of fair play, to imbue the millions of its readers with a spirit of real justice? Your Washington correspondent answers that question in the same issue. He apologizes for having been too optimistic when he thought that this third-term thing would not work. And what are the qualifications of the press to enter a political campaign tomorrow and advise its readers? Have they any policies, have they any records to refer to with pride? What do they really stand for, barring the question of wet and dry? What had the press been doing all these years to justify the adjective "respectable"? Selling news? Not much. Woe to the correspondent who would send in real news which does not check off with the apparent interests of the powers that are. They were simply selling circulation, presidents, and propaganda. Respectable? Waiter, one more tabloid, please. M. KIRCHBERGER.

New York City.

The Land of the Free

SIR: In your issue of June 29, one of your correspondents relates an incident in the Night Court from which he would have it appear that Magistrate Brodsky sentenced a defendant to the workhouse because of an inability to recite "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As I have known Magistrate Brodsky for many years as a gentleman of character and intelligence—a reputation for which qualities he enjoys among the members of the bar generally—I have taken the trouble to look into the matter and to obtain an exact record of the proceedings.

The communication from your correspondent is replete with purported quotations from the proceedings, but the record fails to substantiate any of these. The magistrate did not ask the defendant to "prove" his citizenship by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and he did not say, "Well, you ought to be able to learn 'The Star-Spangled Banner' backwards in two days." On the contrary, the defendant had volunteered the information that "I am as good a citizen as you are" in the altercation with the police officer which led to his arrest.

The plain facts are: The defendant was charged with disorderly conduct, pleaded guilty, and a nominal sentence was imposed. The defendant himself related that when he had been requested to remove his hat during the singing of the national anthem he cursed the police officer, the defendant's version being: "I cursed at him, I said 'I am as good a citizen as you are.'" The officer's testimony was: "He said 'You big ——, I am just as good a citizen as you are.'"

It appeared, therefore, that the defendant had cursed a police officer and had used vile language in the presence and hearing of a large crowd. Clearly this was disorderly conduct—to which the defendant pleaded guilty! There was nothing for the magistrate to do but to impose judgment. A fine of five dollars was nominal. Every fine necessarily carries the alternative of confinement if not paid. Nowhere in the record does it appear that the defendant had informed the magistrate that he had no money; and when the fine was imposed the Court had no means of knowing whether or not the defendant had money.

Reference to the recital of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was purely incidental. It was highly unfair for your correspondent to have implied even that the defendant was penalized for not knowing the anthem. He was punished for an admittedly disorderly act. SAMUEL H. HOFSTADTER.

New York City.

[We are glad to print this correction of the account of proceedings in Magistrate Brodsky's court given by a correspondent in our issue of June 29. We submit, however, that the "disorderly conduct" was provoked by unwarrantable interference on the part of the police, and that Magistrate Brodsky apparently failed to take account of this fact, which seems to us the most important aspect of the matter.—THE EDITORS.]

How California Removes Death's Sting

SIR: A case has just been adjusted by the state Industrial Accident Commission which aptly illustrates the operation of the California Workmen's Compensation Act. About ten years' reading the New Republic makes me think you would be glad to publish the facts in this case, if only to know how rotten a corporation-controlled compensation act can be made.

The gist of the case is as follows: A wealthy rancher of this section employed a sixteen-year-old boy on his ranch, who was the sole support of his mother and of five smaller children. He worked the boy from twelve to twenty hours a day for fifteen months, and finally put him to handling a tractor alone, on which he had no previous experience. Witnesses testified that the land being worked was extremely dangerous and that the tractor was not provided with safety devices, as required by law. After two days of this work, the boy was killed by the tractor overturning. The rancher has been fully exonerated by the state commission, and the mother given $8.64 a week until a total of $2,184 has been received.

Willows, California. J. G. MCDONALD.

A Sacco-Vanzetti Anthology

SIR: Please permit us to congratulate you on the stand you have taken in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and to request space in your correspondence columns to invite your readers to submit published or unpublished poems of protest at the conviction of these men to an anthology we are preparing on this case, and shall publish if they are not set free. It is hoped that this anthology will help sustain public interest in this case and other cases of civil injustice.

Among those who have contributed are Lola Ridge, E. Merrill Root, Louis Ginsburg and Mary Siegrist. Included among the sponsors are Zona Gale, Harry Elmer Barnes and John Haynes Holmes. Contributions should be sent to Contemporary Verse, P. O. Box 46, New Haven, Connecticut. Prompt action will be appreciated. LUCIA TRENT.

New Haven, Connecticut. RALPH CHEYNEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The People's History

A Short History of the American People, by Robert Granville Caldwell. Volume II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 562 pages. $4.75.

THE difference between works under the conventional title, "The History of the United States," and those called "History of the People of the United States," or "of the American People," has usually been held to consist in the emphasis of the latter upon social as opposed to political history. Thus John Richard Green, who made the distinction popular in Great Britain, through his "History of the English People," announced his purpose to "pass lightly and briefly over details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance, in which we read the history of the nation itself." Similarly, Professor John Bach McMaster, who adapted Green's title in his "History of the People of the United States," while confessing that "much must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions, of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties," assures us that the history of the people is his chief theme, and his purpose to describe "the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons of the time, to note the change in manners and morals . . . to trace the growth of the humane spirit . . . to recount the manifold improvements and mechanical inventions." Professor Caldwell, in his two-volume history, now completed, follows these precedents. He declares, in the preface to the second, that "approximately half the pages of this volume will be found to deal with topics which are usually considered social rather than strictly political." But Professor Caldwell's aim goes farther than that of Green and McMaster. He asserts that his volume is "essentially a study of American public life and opinion from 1860 to 1821." He justifies his selection of social material, particularly the chapters on the Labor Movement and Religion, on the ground of "the large place such forces have had in the formation of public opinion." He finds himself in reaction against the school which would interpret popular movements in the light of a few principles, mainly economic. As, in the preface to his first volume, he declared: "Here is no mere economic interpretation of American history. In discussing such events as the causes of the Revolution, the elements of human feeling and emotion, vague and imponderable as they are, have been weighted more heavily than cold calculation of gain or loss, or than differences of legal and constitutional interpretation, which few men probably understood," so now in his second he proposes to inquire: "How did people think and feel about the events through which they lived?"

No one will question the importance and value of Professor Caldwell's undertaking. If we could actually recall the state of public opinion at any crisis, or in regard to any proposition, and follow the processes by which that state of mind was produced and dissipated, then we should have indeed a history of the American people in the most intimate sense. It would be of immense importance to see what the people wanted to do, what they thought they were doing, why they failed and by what process they were led to believe that they had succeeded. Such an account would justify in the highest degree the title of history of the people as opposed to a history of their rulers, and, too often, their betrayers. Of such history we have lately had some notable examples. Mr. Kingsley Martin has made such a study of English public opinion at the time of the Crimean War in his "Triumph of Lord Palmerston," and Mr. Norman Angell has lately given a series of studies of public opinion in America in the Venezuela crisis in "The Public Mind." But it is clearly impossible to develop the whole record on such a scale. In this respect, Professor Caldwell's second volume is at a disadvantage when compared with his first. In the matter of the American Revolution and the struggle against slavery, not only does the author have the advantage of historical perspective, but the bulk of evidence is far less voluminous. In the days of slow communication, public opinion was slow in forming, and its documentation through newspapers, pamphlets and private papers was slow in accumulating. In Professor Caldwell's second volume, the most successful chapter from his own point of view is the first, which gives a strikingly clear account of the development of opinion in regard to secession in the South. This is followed by a discussion of the alignment of opinion in the North in regard to slavery and the union, and an admirably impartial account of reconstruction. But more and more Professor Caldwell's history tends to be merely a rapid and impartial summary of events with less and less regard for the behavior of the American people in the face of them.

Impartiality is indeed a great virtue in a historian, and no one will accuse Professor Caldwell of lacking it. But this very virtue tends to destroy the emphasis upon his special theme. The historian of the people must speak not only in concrete terms, but in vigorous accents if he is to be heard and understood by them. Mr. Caldwell tells us clearly that, in the case of the Venezuela crisis, all of Cleveland's folly and fustian ended in leaving Great Britain in precisely the position she held at first, willingness to arbitrate the boundary so far as jungle wilderness was concerned, but refusal to risk the transfer of a single British settlement to Venezuelan government. But how few of his readers, who do not actually recall the crisis, will get a sense of the insolence of a people led by Cleveland and Olney, Roosevelt and Lodge, which, as Mr. Angell truly says, no country except Great Britain would have tolerated. Again, in the case of the Spanish War, Professor Caldwell indicates that the struggle was made unnecessary by the diplomatic surrender of Spain; but there is little of the psychology of a people led by political and journalistic mountebanks into blood-madness. Again, from his mild account of the occupation of Vera Cruz by Wilson, who would get a sense or an explanation of the popular enthusiasm over what was as futile and brutal a piece of slaughter as Mussolini's massacre at Corfu? Professor Caldwell remarks with a gentleness which is doubtless ironical: "When any measure was suggested in the interests of what was deemed the general welfare but which might carry incidental dangers to property, government was sharply limited by the position and implicit restrictions of the constitution. But when government could be used to protect and enlarge the sphere of business interests, its powers were quite sufficient for the emergency"; but who, behind these well chosen words, will discern the heart-breaking struggle in which the American people received defeat after defeat in the courts which they had set up for their protection?

It is perhaps hardly fair to bring into discussion Professor Caldwell's account of the behavior of the American people in the World War. Here again, his summary of events on both sides of the Atlantic is succinct and impartial. He quotes Ambassador Page as spokesman of the business interests that found, in the entrance of the United States into the War, the only way out of their situation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as creditors of the Western nations. To put the credit of the United States government behind the Allies was necessary. "Of course we cannot extend such a credit unless we go to war with Germany. . . . It is not improbable that the only way of maintaining our present preëminent trade position and averting a panic is by declaring war on Germany." This statement of the relation of business and public is clear enough for the average intelligence. When Professor Caldwell discusses this relation as it developed during and after the War, his account is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of complacency. "As in every war there were inevitable waste and extravagance. . . . The failure to provide aeroplanes in large numbers was especially disappointing. Ships were built at excessive cost. . . . Undue profits were made by contractors. . . . But there were no scandals, such as had been too frequent in previous wars, which touched the honor of any officer of the government." One wonders where Professor Caldwell has been. What of Colonel Deeds in the aeroplane scandal, and what of Palmer, Garvan and Miller in the Alien Property Custodian's office? And it might be worth inquiring why the purchasing agents of the government and the war profiteers who made together contracts of an extravagance that can only be described as grotesque and fantastic, were permitted to get away with it—why investigations such as that of the aeroplane contracts by Mr. Hughes were suppressed, and public hearings like that of Secretary of War Baker before the Senate were mere whitewashing affairs. We have had no enlightening study of proceedings such as were prosecuted after the Civil War by the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War. The lethargy of public opinion in the face of dishonesty and incompetence on a scale unparalleled needs some explanation, extending as it did, in the years following Professor Caldwell's conclusion, to acquiescence in the regime of Daugherty, Fall and Teapot Dome. Is that lethargy merely the temporary effect of the powerful drugs administered to the public during the War, or is it the forerunner of final paralysis of public opinion, the brain of democracy dying as the body becomes too unwieldy for direction? These are questions which Professor Caldwell is, of course, not bound to answer; but a sense of their imminence would seem bound to color the final pages of a history of the American people.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A French Critic on O'Neill

Marco Millions, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

EUGENE O'Neill's genius is the work of primitive instinct. A volcanic eruption from his being and fed by his subconscious, his work is shapeless, yet charged with emotional power. His characters have an intense vitality, an unparalleled animal heat. Rough or untamed, their reflexes are spontaneous and violent. Their intermittent psychic states, the emotional or sensual crises which shake them, the shifting from bleak depression to wild disturbance, all exclude the dialectic of the usual play, the rational and traditional pattern of action in the theater.

The tragic outbursts of these fugitive creatures lie beyond the control of the mind, like an earthquake or a flood. And it is the intuitive sense of this obscure and subterranean part of man's nature, alternately bestial and divine, which is O'Neill's greatness.

Recently, however, this natural playwright, whose power is his uncorrupted naïveté, has been more and more seduced by critical and speculative thought. He has an immediate sense of human truth; he imagines himself bound to a philosophy. His art is spontaneous; his ambition is to make it cerebral. The battered figures which were emanations of his innermost self are now being replaced by dummies taken from history, who move through an exotic setting worthy of a Paramount Super-Production.

In "The Fountain," he picked the *conquistador* Ponce de Leon for his hero. This time, his imagination plays at the expense of another famous traveler, the Venetian Marco Polo. And it is hard to find any exact name for the type of satirical fantasy, or *fiala*, as the Italians of the eighteenth century would have called it, which he has constructed.

For one part, at least, of his model, the American author has obviously studied Bernard Shaw, from whose philosophic puppet-show he has borrowed several tricks. By means of grotesque anachronisms, deliberate falsifying of local color, and an occasional homeliness of language, which takes the wind out of archaic eloquence, he obtains many effects which the Irish humorist has already made familiar to us. At each step on his legendary journey of discovery, Marco is confronted with a group whose composition is always the same: a monarch on his throne, flanked by a soldier and a priest. Once it is the papal legate between a monk and a Knight Templar. Next it is the Mongolian Emperor between a magician and a warrior. The more changes O'Neill rings on the idea, the more identical it is. Man is everywhere the same: governed by authority, superstition and force.

But the irony of the symbols and the spirit of parody do not in any way dim the colored splendor of the show. Satire frequently gives way to fanciful interludes and baroque spectacles, with parades, ceremonies and pantomimes of a perfectly conventional but splashing orientalism. O'Neill's China is the fantastic China we already know in Voltaire's "Orphelin" or, better still, in "Turandot," by Count Carlo Gozzi, who was also a Venetian, like Marco Polo.

There is a third element which gives this anomalous work a particular charm, and that is its lyricism, in the literal as well as the usual sense of the word, a living, singing poetry. The sad music of the Princess Kukachin's unrecognized love and the song of the sailors in the harbor at Hormuz.

Marco Polo has been remembered by the world as the hero of a glorious adventure; so glorious that his account of it won him a reputation as an impostor of the first water. O'Neill turns him into an unromantic traveling salesman. The interests of his firm are Marco's only guide; he is ingenious, active, insolent and susceptible to nothing but cash. He is blind to the troubling life about him, as well as to the Princess' fatal passion for the image she has made of him. Boastful, greedy, tricky and grasping, but always at peace with his business conscience and incapable of any doubt, Marco disarms the indignant Grand Khan by his frank impudence.

He is one of the forerunners of that western world which was ultimately to win out by basing its morality on its appetites, and its salvation on its material prosperity. In the poet's mind, the Venetian merchant of the thirteenth century is only a more picturesque prototype of the great American business man whom Sinclair Lewis has made proverbial as Babbitt. Mr. O'Neill calls on the genius of the Orient to resist the western Caliban and civilized barbarism. It is this purpose which gives his dramatic poem an undisguised modern movement. From scene to scene, the American shows more and more plainly through the cloak of the Venetian nabob.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the stage, this contrast between his medieval appearance and his modern language promises to be an inexhaustible comic resource. Marco's speeches ring with the accent of Main Street. In the most outlandish situations, he talks the blunt, chopped slang of the progressive business man. With the great, he is obsequiously jovial, or else free and easy in such a way that one cannot help liking him. But he keeps his subordinates on the jump with a stream of abuse.

In certain episodes, Mr. O'Neill heightens the resemblance still further. For if Marco is Babbitt, he is also Barnum, and delights in gaudy stage effects. He courts popularity by shaking hands with the working man and slapping the policeman on the back; in short, he behaves like an old-time politician in the last week before Election Day.

His entrance at the Court, wearing the insignia of the Mystic Order of Confucius, and preceded by a flourish of trumpets, is Mr. Mencken's Americana transported to the palace of Xanadu.

Kublai Khan, a meditative and aristocratic Oriental, is singularly disturbed by his dangerous and ridiculous guest. He recognizes a force in Marco which astounds him. The go-getter baffles his wisdom with a cynical and utilitarian philosophy of action, aimed at immediate and tangible results. With no delicacy of feelings and no soul—not even a mortal one—Marco is invulnerable. Moral suffering, to which the Grand Mogol, the master of the world, is subject, cannot touch him. And, with resigned bitterness, Kublai Khan admits the derisive victory of all the Marco Polos, the true children of God; for it is the stupid and wolfish man who has inherited the earth.

In vain Marco suggests ways to Kublai Khan of gaining world power. The Venetian has two patents to sell: gunpowder and paper money, though it is true he wants payment for the latter idea in gold. Wiser, however, than the Emperor in Part II of "Faust," who put the bank-notes invented by Mephistopheles into circulation, Kublai Khan refuses to make the trade. Oriental idealism checkmates common sense. He prefers cultivating transcendental interests to Marco's proposition; and, in refusing, the Orient abdicates in advance. The colonial period is practically begun, and a civilization prevails which, for O'Neill, is simply the triumph of matter over the spirit and the temporal over the eternal. Thus the legend is at bottom a romantic protest against the power of the dollar in God's own country.

ANDRÉ LEVINSON.

The Negro in the New World

Lonesome Road, by Paul Green. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 217 pages. $2.

ONE came away from the Provincetown Players' production of "In Abraham's Bosom," a disjointed, full-length piece and expanded from "Your Fiery Furnace," the last and probably the most effective of the six one-act plays in Mr. Green's book, with the conviction that the much-outlawed "dark and unseemly depths" of Negro life, despite the apologies of some of its observers, black as well as white, have but fugitively had their day in court.

In "Lonesome Road," one is exposed to a curt, sparkling, unadorned flash of the poetry and misery, the horror and woe, the bitter ecstatic pain of primitive Negro life as it goes its plaintive way among the dismal expanses of a North Carolina coastal plain. Here, to use Mr. Green's words, the black man

> for more than a hundred years has built roads, leveled hills and forests, plowed the fields, sweated and groaned forth the great brag crops of naval stores, of cotton, tobacco, and corn, with little or no reward, material or otherwise. Living in the vilest of huts, the prey of his own superstitions, suspicions and practices, beaten and forlorn before God Almighty himself—he has struggled helplessly in the clutch of affliction and pain. He has perished by the thousands in the long servitude of his white master. Unceasingly he has matched his strength with the earth that bore him, going forever in the end to rot unnoticed in the land he'd tilled. Through a few winter rains perhaps a falling head-board strove futilely to tell that he had been, and then the plow passed over him and a hill of corn or cotton flourished from his breast.

There is in these plays the budding of half a dozen alluring virginities. From the lungs of ebony bucks, lush with the sweat of the turpentine swamps, issue songs nowhere to be encountered in our collections of blues or spirituals. Legends compounded of the fates of goateed sires and dusk-blown Venuses from leaf-shredded huts are stripped of their romantic fantasticality. All is dark, hot, gem-like, among the Negroes of this region, and Mr. Green's plays are executed with beauty, economy, austerity.

ERIC WALROND.

Intelligence as a Physiological Process

Before Books, by Caroline Pratt and Jessie Stanton. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 347 pages. $2.

Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds, by Leila Stott. Edited by Caroline Pratt. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 193 pages. $2.

THE City and Country School, in New York City, is one of the few experimental schools in America. It was started in 1913 by Miss Caroline Pratt, with a small number of pupils of pre-school age, and has grown until it now carries its students through their twelfth or thirteenth year. It was begun with a recognition of certain principles, but no set plan of curriculum. Its methods have been worked out on a practical basis to meet each problem as it came up in the development of the school. The two volumes now published, "Before Books" and "Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds," are the first of a series to be edited by Miss Pratt, which will present a record of those problems and the methods developed. These are the actual accounts of what particular children, studying particular subjects, did. In short, they are the reports of laboratory experiments. And they cannot fail to be interesting to everyone who finds current methods of education inadequate.

The difference in point of view between such an experimental school and the traditional schools lies in its conception of the nature of a child. The school-room methods to which we were subjected as children rested on the tacit assumption that pupils were passive creatures who *received* an education, which the teachers had in their heads and could dole out. It was their hope that if they planted enough good ideas in our minds, when we grew up we would suddenly and mysteriously cease being passive and do something useful with the ideas we had received. Miss Pratt starts by recognizing "the fact that the human animal is a seeking organism," and that the only general ideas which it knows how to apply properly in specific cases are those it has realized as the result of personal activity. Inside the school walls, as well as out, we must try "to have experience come first and analysis and training second."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instead of stuffing a passive pupil with information and already formulated ideas, the teachers in the City and Country School therefore confine themselves to presenting him with situations which he must handle and then helping him draw his own conclusions. "Compare the actual making of a toy steam boiler," Miss Pratt writes in her foreword, "and experimenting with forms for finding its cubical contents on the spot as an introduction to 'cubic measure,' with having a teacher present cubic measure as a worked-out form."

In other words, the City and Country School has tried to reproduce for children the only sort of conditions under which any of us learn anything in life.

"Before Books" gives the record of two groups, one of thirteen children, three and four years old, the other of eleven children, five and six years old. In most schools the latter group at least would already have been set to work at books. But these children were busy with objects. The youngest ones were building with blocks. A little later they began to use the work bench, where they learned to measure, to use tools, to select materials for a practical purpose. They modelled in clay, from which they began to get an idea of proportion. They drew with pencil and crayon. They cooked, and learned something of the chemistry of food; they took care of the turtles, the goldfish and the pollywogs, and got the beginnings of zoölogy. When they went on trips with the teacher, they were not marched along in double file, but given opportunities to use their native alertness, curiosity and observation. If they found a coal truck tipped on end, while it sent coal down a chute, they learned the principle of the crank which lifted it.

Perhaps the best idea of the method will be given by one example: geography. The present reviewer remembers the boredom associated with his first geography-book and the pictures he drew in the margin to while away the period devoted to it. These children began in a very different way. They first discovered which were the east and west walls in the class room, from the windows where the sun came in each morning. When they knew the points of the compass in their room, they decided for themselves the direction they took when they went along the hall to Miss Pratt's office. Next they oriented the school building on Twelfth Street. A little later they made a trip to the top of Wanamaker's and from there they picked out the Hudson and the East rivers. They took a trip to Staten Island. Then it occurred to them to lay out New York City in blocks on the floor, but they were puzzled how to begin. The teacher did not tell them, but instead showed them a picture-map of the city. This was their introduction to maps and they studied it eagerly, because by now they had a personal need for it. They quickly decided for themselves to put the Hudson River in the north end of the room, which was narrow, and the Bay in the south end, which was wide. It did not occur to them that they were "taking geography." Geography was something real, and it is probable that none of those children will ever stare at a map with the unimaginative dullness which most adults still bring to the subject when they are planning their next trip abroad.

As the pupils become older, this method obviously becomes more difficult to carry out because of the greater complexity of the children's needs. But "Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds" shows the ripening of the seeds which had been sown in the early groups. The first steps in geography had led to an interest in American history and individual research (not compulsory) into the original diaries and narratives of explorers, which freshmen in college would consider an imposition if it were expected of them. The organizing of what they had seen on their trips into accounts in class had grown into stories and poems of extraordinary freshness and reality. Work in the shop had developed until the children had spontaneously organized a Toy Company, which made, painted and sold toys. Their dramatic games had prepared them to write a play, design and make their own costumes and sets, and stage the performance themselves. Their toy steam boilers had developed into original experiments in the laboratory, making paints and discovering laws.

By shoveling information into children, the traditional schools fill their heads with unrelated knowledge and deaden intelligence. Miss Pratt, by assuming that childhood *is a part of life instead of a preparation for it,* awakens intelligence. And the degree of initiative, intellectual curiosity and joy in voluntary studying to satisfy it, which these children manifest, can be appreciated only by someone who has watched them in the classroom or who reads the daily record of their activities. LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

An Amiable Eugenicist

The Next Age of Man, by Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 418 pages. $3.

MR. WIGGAM'S urbanity all but disarms criticism. His book shows nothing of the swashbuckling eugenicist's sadism. If he believes in heredity, so do we all; the belittler he so suavely lays by the heels seems a creature of his dialectic libido; and if, as a corollary to his creed, he upholds the theory of *natural* social classes, he deprecates the oppression of the lower by the higher. At times he bursts into melodramatic vehemence on behalf of decency:

> If eugenics means the sacrifice of the things of the spirit, then I am for the things of the spirit.

Sometimes, to be sure, Mr. Wiggam is amusing as well as amiable. One need not be an Oxonian to wince at his style. "Chiefest" is a pet superlative of his, and "supremest" occurs. Phrases like "these burgeoning years of the twentieth century" and "the imperial brain of Charles Darwin"—Galton's mind is merely "majestic"—illustrate his notions of elegance. Nor is it only the language that makes us smile. Eager to prove that the great are also good, he has compiled a strange list of worthies "whose noble lives and characters gleam from every page of human history." It includes Isaiah, Shakespeare, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Luther, George Eliot, Liszt, Milton, and many others. One must protest against the admission of Shakespeare. What can be more sacred than property rights? Surely the adolescent's defiance of Sir Thomas Lucy revealed an inborn depravity from the point of view of eugenics, and the verses he penned on the occasion might easily have led a magistrate ahead of his time to advocate sterilization.

But it is hardly right to gibe at Mr. Wiggam. Though he has appointed himself publicity agent to science generally and biology in particular, an abiding humility ennobles his salesmanship. Also he is fair as well as modest in representing views opposed to his own: for example, Professor Pearl's belief that the extinction of "superior" strains is a false alarm. Nor are his virtues wholly on the moral side. His is an alert mind, with a tendency to observe for itself. When he reads Pearson's proof that like tends to marry like, he is stimulated into a bit of independent research into "assortative mating"; and, by way of lending zest to the investigation, he bets Mrs. Wiggam

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as to the probable obesity of fat fellow-passengers' spouses. He has some shrewd remarks on the relations of heredity and environment, and he never ceases driving home the precious rule that popular opinions are more likely to be wrong than otherwise.

Mr. Wiggam cannot fairly be expected to show more consistency and analytical keenness than the men he professes to follow and to vindicate to the laity. Thus, he is all for sterilization of criminals, yet betrays an unforeseeable appreciation of their original virtue. "Most criminals are, after all, pretty good fellows. The notion that they are bad all through is merely romantic fantasy." Why, then, one naturally inquires, should they be sterilized? To mention fundamentals, Mr. Wiggam is as inadequate as most eugenicists in defining "superiority." He is as uncritical as the rest, though a hundred times kindlier than they, in speaking about the Negro. He warns us against confounding fame or wealth with merit, yet he freely uses both as criteria. Nevertheless, a homely common sense and a sweet reasonableness generally temper his judgments. I only wish he were less respectful to college professors. He anticipates marvelous progress if a dozen of his favorite research men were elected to Congress. His list might be worse; but rather than any one of them I should like to see in Congress the amiable and cheerful Mr. Wiggam himself.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Shouting Truth about China

The Revolt of Asia, by Upton Close. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 325 pages. $2.50.

IT is rather distressing when an able champion in a good cause begins by shouting his head off. Upton Close (Mr. Josef Washington Hall) has written a good summary of the stir in Asia, but it would have been a better one, and a more useful plea for tolerance and reasonableness, if it had been pitched in a lower key. There is nothing lacking in Mr. Hall's scholarship—at least in regard to China—for he was co-author with Professor Gowen of the sound and interesting, if somewhat old-style, "Outline History of China." In the acquisition of personal knowledge of Chinese ways he has been extraordinarily lucky, having been journalist, secret investigator, and even staff assistant to Wu Pei-fu, and has traveled literally all over the place. At the same time, there is not a trace in him of that worst of all guides in international policy, "the old China hand."

Mr. Hall begs "leave to be a reporter rather than a prophet," but does not avail himself of that willingly granted prerogative. The change in Asia, he says, "means that America, China and Russia must assume the importance for which size and natural resources and mentality of their populations have fitted them. . . . It means the end of empire: the ushering in of a new age when every people shall have full control in its own household and an equal say in the affairs of the human race . . . either these things, or the bankruptcy of civilization. . . ."

Perhaps. Or it may mean that empire will merely shift its base. The past has been complex and the future seems likely to be as much so. A simple choice between hell and the millennium may yet be far off.

However, it would be a pity for this book to fail of making a deep impression merely because there is a taint of reckless generalization on its early chapters. The jaunt from Tokyo to Cairo on which the author first takes the reader seems rather casual; incidents rather than facts are offered as proof of the alarming thesis. But in Chapter IV the reporter settles down to his work; a secure knowledge of China has a catalytic effect upon his generalities. Even here, in dealing, for instance, with Russia, there is a questionable faith in the viability of half-imaginary entities such as an "Asiatic" soul; and, in speaking of India, he probably overestimates the present influence of the Gandhi type of resistance.

The present policy of Great Britain, according to which prestige must wait upon trade, is convincingly analyzed. One of his best chapters, and, indeed, one of the best recent discussions of a crucial aspect of Asian politics, is on Japan. The failure of that country in colonization, its trend toward industrialism as an alternative solution for population questions, and its dependence on American capital—facts usually omitted from consideration in dealing with the problem for which they supply the most important data—are set forth lucidly and with authority.

The last sections of Mr. Hall's book contain a good deal of sound advice for the direction of American foreign policy. He points out the dangerous possibility that we may allow our negligent good humor to be fouled by some "principle" or by some flaring-up of race hatred. He recalls to mind the past importance of trade with the East and its future greatness—provided we have the tact and wisdom to make good on our chances.

Recent events have restored a comforting belief that the good sense of the American people can still sometimes control our international behavior. It may be that the faults of this book, its drum-thumping and vaticinal cries, as well as its virtues, which are real knowledge and brave logic, will help to keep the public sufficiently interested to bring good sense to bear on further Pacific adventures.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Rolland's Trilogy Completed

Mother and Son, by Romain Rolland, being the third volume of The Enchanted Soul. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE" is gone, and will never come back: we may as well make up our minds to that, and judge Romain Rolland's later work in the light of anything but that first magnificent torch, in comparison with which all that has come from his hand since is only smoulder and smoke and valiant sputter. "Colas Breugnon" was an interlude, a hearty bucolic rhapsody, but little related to the rest of his writing. For Romain Rolland, the War has been, and still is, the central thing in life, the great infamy to which he was a helpless, protesting witness, the unpardonable shadow which no sunlight in the world can ever whiten away. As a propagandist, he has fought desperately and valiantly. But the artist in him has been sadly damaged. When he begins a novel he reminds one of a man on a bicycle who is fatally attracted to what he was trying to avoid, and finally runs into it. The War drives M. Rolland into an agony of hysterical fury—he cannot bear to think of it, but he cannot bear to think of anything else, and no matter in what direction he starts, he always ends by turning to the War and feeling toward it a horror which is not without its trace of fascination.

"Mother and Son," whenever it is concerned with the War, becomes weak and feverish. The waters of creation ebb low, revealing the unsightly reefs of obsession and self-torture. We are indeed a long way from "Jean-Christophe," and many dreary years distant from the child whose fumbling fingers awoke from the piano promise of future magic. One magnificent page alone stands out, and, char-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acteristically, it is a vision of evil, an icy-hot, accurate, nightmare description of the schoolboys whom Antoinette found herself forced to teach. There are some other capable, nervous passages, but nothing else so balefully effective. And there is a great deal of shrill hysteria and sentimentality. The friendship of the German prisoner and the French gas victim is embarrassingly silly. The malicious glimpse of Clemenceau is animated by so much hurried dislike that this richest of opportunities is muffled, and in the encounter Romain Rolland comes off second best, with the smile on the face of the tiger.

There are people who say that "Jean-Christophe" would have remained M. Rolland's masterpiece, war or no war, and that the seeds of a certain unbearable mawkishness within him did not need to be watered by a European catastrophe. We prefer to award a wound-stripe to what was always a tender heart, and often a very great one.

R. L.

A Wreath of Cloud, being the Third Part of the Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

IT IS always with something of a shock that we stumble upon evidence of the extent of our provincialism, as inhabitants of a varied world, and the shock is perhaps especially acute when we realize that we may be provincial not only to the world of our own day, but to a world that has gone. It is hard for us to believe, for instance, that politeness does not depend on plumbing. But the tenth century society that produced Lady Murasaki was assuredly polite, though—perhaps merely from politeness—she makes no reference to the existence of any plumbing whatever. "A Wreath of Cloud" carries the meandering Tale of Genji a few courtly steps farther. It is the third in the series, and we are promised three more altogether, now in process of translation. The forthcoming volumes will doubtless give us nothing very different from what we have had already, but this is the kind of thing of which we can hardly have too much. Mr. Waley, the translator, is doing not only a fine but a civilizing piece of work in transplanting for us, to our somewhat astonished delight, these flowers of old Japan.

T. S. M.

Contributors

CATHERINE HACKETT is a Washington newspaper woman, formerly on the staff of the Christian Science Monitor.

C. E. AYRES is the author of "Science: the False Messiah." He was formerly professor of philosophy at Amherst and Reed Colleges.

L. M. HUSSEY is a research chemist, and the author of a novel, "Odalisque."

CHESTER T. CROWELL contributes stories and articles to current periodicals.

LÉONIE ADAMS is the author of a book of verse, "Those Not Elect."

DAVID MORTON is associate professor of English at Amherst College, and the author of two books of verse, "Ships in Harbor," and "Harvest."

ANDRÉ LEVINSON is a French critic, one of whose especial interests is American art and drama.

ERIC WALROND is the author of "Tropic Death," a book of short stories.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS writes criticism and reviews for current magazines.

ROBERT H. LOWIE is professor of Anthropology at the University of California, and editor of The American Anthropologist.

LYMAN BRYSON, after a number of years abroad in international relief work, is now living in California.

SUMMER RESORTS

A Seashore Vacation with Writers, Editors, Dramatists, Scientists, Philosophers.

SUMMER SCHOOL

SPEAKERS:
Everett D. Martin, Bruce Bliven, Herbert Adams Gibbons, Floyd Dell, Ernest Boyd, Prof. E. L. Baker, H. M. Kallen, Harry E. Barnes, Crystal Eastman, Professor Mortimer T. Adler.

Subject: "THE WORLD WE LIVE IN"

Sea Bathing, Golf, Tennis, Saddle Horses. References.

GENERAL

If coöperation has a weakness it lies in our unwillingness to share the responsibilities of others. But we overcome it when individual freedom and financial responsibility exist for like-minded men and women grouped together in a small area. MT. AIRY is such a community—based upon individual freedom and voluntary coöperation. Lots 100 x 100 from $350 up. Located at Croton-on-Hudson. A beautiful place and one hour from Grand Central Station. 100 trains daily. *Special inducements for those with children.*

Enquire Harry Kelly, 70 Fifth Ave., Tel. Chelsea 0432.

EARN $25 WEEKLY

Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
Press Syndicate, 1060. St. Louis, Mo.

SUMMER RESORTS

RIVERLAKE LODGE

A Camp Superb for Adults

Outside Kingston, N. Y. on the Hudson River and Lake Esopus

A beautiful place with wonderful views of the Hudson River and mountains, where intelligent people will meet congenial company. Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Tennis, Hand Ball, Dancing and other amusements. Excellent Food. Terms: $35.00 weekly, $7.00 a day.

Dr. Alexander Goldenweiser and others will deliver lectures each week-end during July.

Camp sites and Furnished Rooms or Bungalows by the season. Write for camp booklet.

RIVERLAKE LODGE

70 West 40th Street, New York City, Tel. Longacre 3693 — OR — Ulster Park, Ulster County, N. Y. Tel. Kingston 2810

Directors:
HARRY WEINBERGER HARRY KELLY

TIMBERLAND

In the Heart of the Adirondacks

The Camp Purposely Limited to Congenial Group of 40

Bungalows and Main House modern in every respect. Excellent facilities for all camp sports—also golf.

Rate $27.00 per week.

Morris Harkavy, Esther R. Kaplan — N. Y. office, 55 West 42 St, Pennsylvania 7663

Kindly mail reservations to Pottersville, N. Y..

Through trains from Grand Central to Riverside, N. Y., Station.

GENERAL

Little Theatre

44th St., W. of Broadway

Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tuesday and Thursday at popular prices.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES

"One cannot find anywhere in New York, more clever ideas, more fresh satire, or more nerve."—Joseph Wood Krutch in The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Out—in Special

THE RISE OF AMEI

by Charles A. Beard

NOT only is the Beard book the most impressive interpretation of American History ever written, but its tone, its character, and the purpose it serves are strikingly in accord with the aims and ideas that have always actuated The New Republic. For these reasons the Editors particularly urge all readers of the magazine to obtain this great book for immediate reading and for future rereading.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION stands above prejudice, holds itself aloof from controversy, is innocent alike of special pleading and of specious argumentation. It is a book enriched by irony, but nowhere disfigured by meanness; a book the standing of which as literature and as history was absolutely assured from the moment it was set in print; a book in which lofty scholarship never obtrudes beyond its proper sphere—that of a tool for the shaping of a masterpiece.

Here, for the first time, the economic factor is spread upon the record of America in its true relation to the other motives, elements, and events that account for her civilization as it exists today. The Table of Contents, reproduced below, gives a hint of the tremendous sweep and the sustained interest achieved in these two splendid volumes:

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Volume I

I England's Colonial Secret
II Laying the Structural Base of the Thirteen Colonies
III The Growth of Economic and Political Power
IV Provincial America
V The Clash of Metropolis and Colony
VI Independence and Civil Conflict
VII Populism and Reaction
VIII The Rise of National Parties
IX Agricultural Imperialism and the Balance of Power
X The Young Republic
XI New Agricultural States
XII Jacksonian Democracy—A Triumphant Farmer-Labor Party
XIII Westward to the Pacific
XIV The Sweep of Economic Forces

Volume II

XV The Politics of the Economic Drift
XVI Democracy: Romantic and Realistic
XVII The Approach of the Irrepressible Conflict
XVIII The Second American Revolution
XIX Rounding Out the Continent
XX The Triumph of Business Enterprise
XXI Rise of the National Labor Movement
XXII The Triple Revolution in Agriculture
XXIII The Politics of Acquisition and Enjoyment
XXIV More Worlds to Conquer
XXV The Gilded Age
XXVI Imperial America
XXVII Towards Social Democracy
XXVIII America in the Balance of Power
XXIX The Quest for Normalcy
XXX The Machine Age
Index

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

Please enter my subscription to The New Republic for one year and send me immediately, postpaid, *The Rise of American Civilization.* I enclose $6.50, and will remit the balance of $6.50 in sixty days.

NAME..... STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

7-27-27

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED